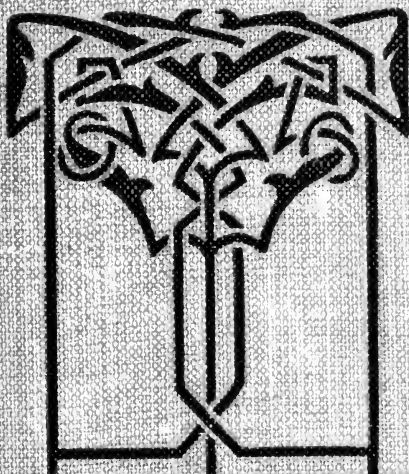


GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY



EDITED BY
FRANCIS W. HALSEY

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From painting by Gilbert Stuart
GEORGE WASHINGTON



JOHN PAUL JONES



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

DESCRIBED BY FAMOUS WRITERS
FROM COLUMBUS TO ROOSEVELT

Edited, with Introductions and Explanatory Notes

By FRANCIS W. HALSEY

Associate Editor of "The World's Famous Orations"; Associate Editor of "The Best of the World's Classics"; author of "The Old New York Frontier," etc.

PATRONS' EDITION, IN TEN VOLUMES

ILLUSTRATED

Vol. III

THE FRENCH WAR AND THE
REVOLUTION: 1745—1782

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
NEW YORK AND LONDON

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INTRODUCTION

(The French War and the Revolution)

As the Spaniards had been first to explore and possess the regions bordering on the Gulf of Mexico and extending across the Southwest to the Pacific, so, in the next generation, were the French first to grasp the imperial domain watered by the Mississippi and many of its tributaries. By what steps this territory was wrested by the English from the French, as the Atlantic seaboard had been snatched by England from Spain; by what other steps, English colonists established on that seaboard, wrested from the mother country that more imperial domain bounded by the Atlantic, the Mississippi, the Gulf and Great Lakes, constitute the story embraced in the third of these great epochs in American history.

The long struggle between England and France, which closed at Quebec in 1769, virtually begun during the great Frontenac's first administration in the voyages of Marquette and La Salle, did not assume an aspect of actual war

INTRODUCTION

until Frontenac, now a veteran of French courts, camps and battle-fields and past seventy years of age, arrived a second time in Canada as Governor. Thenceforth, for three-quarters of a century, the struggle went on, now by the peaceful methods of increasing and spreading population, trade and industry, now, intermittently, by open attacks on settlements, the burning of homes and the massacre of their inhabitants. Frontenac's avowed purpose in coming to America again was to secure the Hudson Valley, which, added to the St. Lawrence, Ohio, Mississippi, and the Great Lakes, already in French control, would have meant practical control of the North American continent. As Champlain, in 1609, had made war on the Indians of New York, so in his second administration did Frontenac in 1689-96. By such means both men gave, first to the Dutch, and then to the English, who cultivated their friendship, the powerful aid of that people in the border and barrier State of New York. Most historians now believe that the English alliance with the Indians, as fostered by Sir William Johnson, really turned the scale in English favor.

One of the incidents of Frontenac's operations

INTRODUCTION

southward was the massacre of Schenectady in 1690; others were similar outrages on frontier settlements in Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts, these attacks coming to an end only with the peace of Ryswick and the death of Frontenac in 1698. Altho scarcely more than skirmishes and raids against clearings in the forests, the attacks are known collectively as King William's War, and were soon followed by other and similar outrages, chief of which were the massacres of Deerfield in 1704 and Haverhill in 1708, and known collectively as Queen Anne's War. In this period the French built their most important forts in the Middle West, Kaskasia, Vincennes and Detroit, and founded settlements at Mobile and New Orleans, until, from Quebec to Niagara, from Lake Erie to the Ohio, and thence to the mouth of the Mississippi, France had a chain of defenses guarding her vast wilderness empire in the west, northwest, and south.

In 1743 began another phase of the struggle, known as King George's War, similar in many of its incidents, and chiefly memorable for the splendid success of New England militiamen under Sir William Pepperell, aided by ships

INTRODUCTION

under Admiral Sir Peter Warren, in capturing Louisbourg, a great fortress on Cape Breton Island, reared by the French as their chief defense on the Atlantic seaboard. Following this event came peace, which continued five years, and then grim war in a great final struggle, its first scenes on the western frontier of Pennsylvania, where the French were building a fort they had been warned not to build; the next on the northern frontier of New York, which became dotted with forts and camps from Niagara to Lake Champlain, with Albany as the base of supplies, and finally at Louisbourg, once more under siege, and at Quebec, where the momentous conflict, after a loss of 30,000 lives, came to its close and New France ceased to exist.

This new and final war began in an obscure engagement on the southern borders of western Pennsylvania, where Washington in an attack on Jumonville at Great Meadows fired the shot which "set the world on fire." In the next year came Braddock's defeat and then a formal declaration of war between France and England. General Forbes, after an heroic march, in 1758 wrested Fort Duquesne from the French and be-

INTRODUCTION

stowed upon it the new name of Pittsburgh, in compliment to the great war minister who was conducting the campaign. The scene shifted mainly to the northern frontier of New York. Indeed, just as in Frontenac's time, more than seventy years before, the contest, once it really began, became one for control of the Hudson Valley. The ensuing land battles were mainly fought in New York territory—at Fort Niagara, Fort Oswego, Lake George and Ticonderoga. The treaty of peace followed the second fall of Louisbourg and Wolfe's victory at Quebec.

The Revolution was a direct outgrowth of this war with France. On the part of the mother country, that war had led to a policy of special taxation for the colonies, the purpose of which was to reimburse her for expenditures incurred in ridding them of troublesome neighbors on the north; while, on the part of the colonists, it had awakened a lively consciousness of their own strength and ability to stand alone. The odious Stamp Act of 1765 became an early expression of the English policy, and the bitter opposition shown to it was a consequence of the conscious strength that possessed the colonists. As the tax-

INTRODUCTION

ation controversy continued through subsequent years, down to the point of breaking, these conditions on both sides remained vitally potent.

The war which ensued in 1775 began as local conflicts between English regulars and colonial militiamen, on the village green at Lexington, at the bridge in Concord, at Bunker Hill and on the Heights of Dorchester. Its closing incidents took place in the South, where battle-fields were found in Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia, and where Cornwallis at last gave up his sword. But the real war was fought out in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Here was the vital ground, the same which the French in sending Frontenac over for his second term as Governor had recognized as vital. Control of the Hudson Valley meant everything now as well as then. Around the long contest for it revolved the battles of Long Island and Harlem Heights, Princeton and Trenton, the Brandywine and Germantown, Monmouth and Stony Point, Oriskany and Saratoga, and last of all, but not least in the tremendous issues involved, the treason of Arnold.

F. W. H.

CONTENTS

VOL. III—THE FRENCH WAR AND THE REVOLUTION

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION. By the Editor	v
THE TWO SIEGES OF LOUISBOURG (1745 and 1758). By A. G. Bradley	3
THE ALBANY "PLAN OF UNION" FOR THE COLONIES (1754). By Benjamin Franklin	15
WASHINGTON'S EXPEDITION TO THE OHIO AND THE BATTLE OF GREAT MEADOWS (1753-1754):	
I. By A. G. Bradley	25
II. Washington's Own Account	31
THE DEFEAT OF BRADDOCK (1755):	
I. By A. G. Bradley	39
II. Washington's Own Account	49
THE DEPORTATION OF THE ACADIANS OF NOVA SCOTIA (1755). By A. G. Bradley	51
THE VICTORY OF WOLFE AT QUEBEC (1759). By Captain John Knox	58
THE STAMP ACT AND ITS REPEAL (1765). By William E. H. Lecky	66
DANIEL BOONE'S MIGRATION TO KENTUCKY (1769-1775).	
I. By Theodore Roosevelt	78
II. Boone's Own Account	87
THE BOSTON TEA PARTY (1773):	
I. By George Bancroft	93
II. Governor Hutchinson's Account	99
PATRICK HENRY'S CALL TO ARMS (1775). By William Wirt	103

CONTENTS

	PAGE
LEXINGTON, CONCORD AND BUNKER HILL (1775):	
I. By William E. H. Lecky	110
II. William Emerson's Account of the Con-	
cord Fight	115
WASHINGTON'S APPOINTMENT AS COMMANDER-	
IN-CHIEF (1775). By Washington Irving .	118
WASHINGTON'S CAPTURE OF BOSTON (1776).	
× Washington's Own Account	127
THE DRAFTING OF "THE DECLARATION OF INDE-	
PENDENCE" (1776):	
× I. By James Parton	132
II. John Adams's Account	139
FRANKLIN IN FRANCE. By Sir George Trevel-	
yan	142
THE BATTLES OF TRENTON AND PRINCETON	
(1777). By William E. H. Lecky	149
THE DEFEAT OF BURGOYNE AT SARATOGA (1777).	
By Sir Edward Creasy	155
JOHN PAUL JONES'S SEA FIGHT (1779). By	
John Paul Jones	165
ARNOLD'S TREASON (1780). By William E. H.	
Lecky	172
THE EXECUTION OF ANDRÉ (1780):	
I. By Gen. William Heath	182
II. The Historian Lecky's View	185
THE CAPTURE OF VINCENNES (1779). George	
Rogers Clark's Own Account	188
THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS (1781). Corn-	
wallis's Own Account	196
WASHINGTON'S SERVICES IN THE WAR. By Will-	
iam E. H. Lecky	200
THE COST OF THE WAR. By Richard Hildreth .	204

THE FRENCH WAR AND THE
REVOLUTION
1745-1782



THE TWO SIEGES OF LOUISBOURG

(1745 and 1758)

BY A. G. BRADLEY¹

At the northeast of Acadia, only severed from the mainland by the narrow gut of Canso, lay the island of Cape Breton, a name once as familiar to the world as the Cape of Good Hope, but now almost unknown.² Its fame rested on the great fortress of Louisbourg, which with its considerable town and ample harbor dominated the North Atlantic, and was styled the "Dunkirk of America." All Acadia had been handed over to England at the Peace of Utrecht in 1713, with the exception of this little island of Cape Breton, or in other words Louisbourg. The latter, during the late war in the year 1745, had been stormed and

¹ From Bradley's "Fight with France for North America." By arrangement with the publishers, Constable & Co., of London. These two sieges formed part of the conflict between France and England during the Eighteenth Century for control of North America, a conflict which had continued, with interruptions and in a more or less desultory form, all through the earlier part of the century. The first siege of Louisbourg, in 1745, was an incident in the conflict of that period which finally subsided on the establishment of peace between the two countries in Europe. In more serious aspects, ending finally in the supremacy of the English in North America, war again broke out in 1753, when, during the embassy of George Washington to French forts on the upper waters of the Ohio River, in the battle of Great Meadows on the southern borders of western Pennsylvania, a conflict ensued between Washington and the French, in which the French commander, Jumonville, was killed. That battle, tho scarcely more than an accidental

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

captured in spirited fashion by a force of New England militia under Peperall,³ acting in conjunction with Admiral Warren and an English fleet.

It was restored to the French, however, three years later at the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, amid the loud protestations of the few in England who were conversant with the politics of the North Atlantic—protestations fully justified by the immense stress laid upon its restoration by the French.

The population of Nova Scotia consisted of a few thousand French-Canadian habitants, who chiefly occupied the more fertile spots on the western coast which looked across the Bay of Fundy to the even less populous mainland. There were also, as already indicated, two or three iso-

skirmish, has been fitly described as one which "set the world on fire." A conflict ensued which extended not only to America, but to Europe as well. Among its incidents in America were the dispersion of the Acadians of Nova Scotia, Braddock's defeat, and the Battle of Lake George, all in 1755; the capture by the English of Louisbourg and Fort Duquesne in 1758; the capture of Ticonderoga and Niagara in 1759; and finally the battle of Quebec in 1759, won by Wolfe against the French commander, Montcalm, which virtually closed the war. The Peace of Paris, which followed, led to the surrender of Canada and what were afterward called the Maritime Provinces to Great Britain, in 1763.

² "Cape Breton is the oldest French name in America, probably as old as 1504," says John Fiske, "and ships from Normandy and Brittany have kept up their fishing in these waters from that day to this."

³ *Sic.* Usually written Sir William Pepperell. Pepperell was a native of Maine, who advanced £5,000 in aid of the first expedition against Louisbourg, became its commander-in-chief and was made a baronet in 1746 by George II.

THE TWO SIEGES OF LOUISBOURG

lated forts where small detachments of British regulars or Colonial militia under a British governor maintained an existence of appalling monotony and of almost unexampled seclusion from the outer world. . . .

The great European war was chiefly marked in North America by the capture of Louisbourg at the hands of the New Englanders in 1745. This notable achievement sent a passing quiver of excitement through the dense forests of Acadia, even to the villages on the Bay of Fundy. The Canadian missionaries renewed their efforts, which were met with a fresh show of activity in enforcing the oath.⁴ But so far no very tangible evil had come of all this. The Acadians were not put to the test; they were far removed from all scenes of racial strife or discord, and among their diked-in meadows and orchards continued to propagate in peace and rude plenty the most reactionary and ignorant breed of white men on the North American continent.

When Louisbourg was given back to the French, however, and some vague claims to the northern shore of the province as the only winter route to Canada were put in by them to the commissioners appointed at the treaty of 1748, all was again agog. The founding of Halifax in the following year, and the advent in force of the dreaded British settler, tho on the further shore, seemed to demolish all hopes of French supremacy in the future. England might annex and rule, for their very great content and infinite happiness, the French American colonies, but she might get tired of such an unprofitable business. It was not

⁴ That is, the oath of allegiance to Great Britain.

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

likely, however, that Great Britain would ever allow a province, whither she had deliberately invited her own people, to pass again into the hands of a government who hounded even their own Protestants, like lepers, from their gates. . . .

It was the 19th of February, 1758, when the *Admiral* sailed out of the Solent with Wolfe on board and a fraction of the army which was to operate against Louisbourg.⁵ The rest of the force was to be made up by troops from Loudon's army of the previous year, which were waiting at Halifax. Amherst was to follow immediately. Buf-feted by winds from the very outset, and forced for some days into Plymouth, it was nearly three months before the fleet appeared in Chebucto Bay and dropt anchor in Halifax harbor on May 10th. Quebec, of course, was in the mind of Pitt and of his generals, should Fortune favor them, and that quickly, at Louisbourg; but in the matter of weather she had so far been the reverse of kind, and they had already lost a month out of their quite reasonable calculations. Amherst arrived a fortnight later, and with a fleet of nearly two hundred ships of all kinds, and an army of 12,000 men, sailed out of Halifax harbor and bore away through heavy seas before a favoring wind to Louisbourg. On June 1st the soldiers had their first sight of "the Dunkirk of the North," lifting its formidable ramparts behind a white fringe of raging surf.

⁵ The reference here is to the war with France which followed Washington's affair with Jumonville at Great Meadows in 1753. At the time of this, the second siege of Louisbourg, the French war had passed through its earlier stages and a year later was virtually ended by the victory of Wolfe at Quebec.

THE TWO SIEGES OF LOUISBOURG

Louisbourg was no town such as Boston or New York, or even Quebec and Montreal, the focus, that is to say, of a surrounding civilization; but, on the contrary, it stood like a lone oasis between a shaggy wilderness and a gray sea, the sport of storms and fogs. It counted a population of 4,000 souls, some of whom were fish-merchants and some priests, but many more were engaged in various pursuits connected with the trade of war. Louisbourg, indeed, scarcely professed to represent the interests of peace; it existed for war and for war alone. France, at the late treaty, had strained every diplomatic nerve to recover the town from the grip of the New Englanders, who in the last war, with the help of a British fleet, had seized her in a moment of comparative weakness. England, deaf to the cries of her colonial subjects, had then yielded, and was now paying the price of her blindness. With her fine harbor, her natural defenses, her commanding situation in the northern seas, Louisbourg only existed as a menace to the enemies of those who held her, a refuge to the hunted, a rallying-point for the hunters of the ocean; the scourge of Nova Scotia, the curse of the Newfoundland and New England coasts, and a name as familiar then in Europe as it is now forgotten.

Since its restoration to France, a million sterling had been spent on the fortifications. Franquet, the eminent engineer, assisted by skilled artificers, had done the work, and from behind its two-mile circle of stone bastions and massive curtains of well-mortared masonry nearly 400 cannon frowned defiance upon all comers. Drucour was now governor, while about 4,000 men, mostly

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

French or Canadian regulars, in addition to the same number of inhabitants, with a year's provisions, awaited Amherst behind the walls. But this was by no means all, for the *Sutherland*, of sixty guns, met the British fleet in the offing with the news that seven line-of-battle ships and five frigates, carrying 550 guns and 3,000 sailors, were at anchor in the harbor to assist in the defense. . . .

Boscawen^o had twenty-three ships of the line and seventeen frigates, and it was the 2d of June before his whole fleet arrived off the town. A heavy sea was running, and the rugged shore was white with an unbroken line of raging surf. Amherst, however, with Lawrence and Wolfe, the latter still suffering sorely from his dire enemy, sea-sickness, took boat, and rowing along the coast surveyed it through their glasses. There were only three places at which a landing was possible, even when the weather moderated, and these, it was seen, were all strongly entrenched. On the 5th the wind dropt a little, but gave way to a fog, which was even worse. On the 6th both wind and fog moderated, and the troops were placed in the boats; but the wind again increasing, they were ordered back to the ships. The sailors, with all the will in the world, thought gravely of any attempt to land. Boscawen sent for his captains one by one, and

^o Edward Boscawen, Admiral of the Blue, popularly known as "Old Dreadnaught," commanded the second expedition against Louisbourg. Boscawen afterward (in 1759) won a great victory over the French in the Bay of Lagos, for which he received the thanks of Parliament and a pension of £3,000 a year. This Lagos victory was followed thirty days later by Wolfe's victory at Quebec. The two events virtually closed the Seven Years' War, in so far as it affected the struggle between England and France for supremacy in America and India.

THE TWO SIEGES OF LOUISBOURG

they were all inclined to shake their heads. A fine old sea-dog, however, one Ferguson, captain of a sixty-gun ship, the *Prince*, would have no halting, and by his vehemence turned the scale in favor of prompt action. On the evening of the 7th the wind fell slightly, the night proved clear, and soon after midnight the men were once more dropt into the boats. It had been arranged that the attack should be made in three divisions on three separate points. Lawrence and Whitmore were to threaten the two coves nearer the town, while Wolfe made the actual attack on Kennington Cove or Le Coromandiere, the farthest off, the most accessible, but also the most strongly defended, and some four miles distant from the city. . . .

Wolfe, at once a disciplinarian and a creature of impulse, did not stand on ceremony. Feeling, no doubt, that he would himself have acted in precisely the same fashion as his gallant subalterns under like conditions, he signaled to the rest to follow their lead, setting the example himself with his own boat. The movement was successful, tho not without much loss both in boats and men. The surf was strong and the rocks were sharp; many boats were smashed to pieces, many men were drowned, but the loss was not comparable to the advantage gained. Wolfe himself, cane in hand, was one of the first to leap into the surf. These were not the men of Oswego, of Lake George, of the Monongahela, of the Virginia frontier. . . .

Amherst's first move was to send Wolfe with his light infantry on a long, rough march of seven or eight miles around the harbor to erect some

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

batteries upon the farther shore, the necessary guns being dispatched by water. In this business, notwithstanding the scantiness of soil and the absence of suitable timber, he was so alert that by the 26th he had not only mounted his chief battery at Lighthouse Point, but had intrenched all his men in safety from the fire of the town and fleet, which had been fierce and continuous, and furthermore had effectually silenced the formidable French battery on Goat Island in the middle of the harbor entrance.

There was nothing now to prevent Boscawen, if he so chose, from sailing in with his whole fleet, so the French admiral, Desgouttes, rather than lose all his ships, prudently sunk four of them by night in the channel, to protect the rest. Wolfe, in the meantime, had been writing cheery letters to Amherst, telling him of his progress, and greatly jubilant that the French fleet were now "in a confounded scrape." This was precisely what the French admiral and his officers had been thinking for some time, and Desgouttes had urged on the Governor the desirability of getting his ships off while there was yet time. Drucour, however, thought differently, as he wanted the ships and the sailors to prolong the defense, and so prevent the besieging army from either proceeding to Quebec that season, or from helping Abercromby against Montcalm at Lake George. For a fortnight an artillery fire had been steadily proceeding upon the harbor side, while to the westward, where the serious attack was contemplated, Amherst's dispositions were not quite ready, the engineering difficulties being considerable. Wolfe, having done his work, now hurried back to the main lines,

THE TWO SIEGES OF LOUISBOURG

which were henceforward to be the chief scene of action. . . .

On both the right and left the English batteries were now pushed forward to within half a mile of the town, and, with Wolfe on one side and Lawrence on the other, began their deadly work. Two hundred big guns and mortars, plied upon both sides by skilled gunners, shook that desolate coast with such an uproar as no part of North America since its first discovery had ever felt. Twenty thousand disciplined troops, soldiers and sailors, led by skilful and energetic commanders, made a warlike tableau, the like of which had never yet been seen, with all the blood that had been spilled between the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence, while infinite valor animated both sides. On July 6th, a sortie was made upon the advanced trenches on the British left, which was easily repulsed. Three days afterward a much more serious effort was prest by a thousand men, stimulated by brandy, the English accounts say, upon the right. The British Grenadiers were forced back out of the trenches, fighting desperately with the bayonet in the dark. Wolfe was here, reveling in the bloody mêlée, and the enemy was ultimately driven back into the town. . . .

On both wings, indeed, the British advance was pushed so close that gun after gun was dismounted on the Louisbourg ramparts, and the masonry itself began to crack and crumble in all directions, while British soldiers were pressing forward to the very foot of the glacis, and firing upon the covered way. On the 21st one of the French ships in the harbor, the *Célèbre*, was ignited by a bomb, and the flames spread to two others. The

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

British batteries on the extreme left commanded the scene, and rained such a hail of balls upon the flaming decks that the ships could not be saved, and all three were burned to the water's edge. Shells, round shot and bombs were now falling in every part of the devoted town. Nearly all the sailors of the fleet were with the garrison, and all the townsmen who could bear arms helped to man the defenses.

On the 22d the chief house of the citadel, where the Governor and other officials were living, was almost wholly destroyed by fire. A thousand of the garrison were sick or wounded and were cowering in wretchedness and misery in the few sheltered spots and casements that remained. The soldiers had no refuge whatever from the shot and shell. Night and day—for there was a bright moon—the pitiless rain of iron fell upon the town, which, being built mostly of wood, was continually igniting and demanding the incessant labors of a garrison weakened and worn out by the necessity of sleepless vigilance. The gallantry of the defense equaled the vigor of the attack, and was all the more praiseworthy seeing how hopeless it had become. Only two ships of war were left in the harbor, and the British bluejackets, who had been spectators of the siege, now thought they saw a chance of earning some distinction for their branch of the service. So five hundred sailors, in boats, running the gantlet of the fire from the town upon the harbor side, dashed in upon *Le Bienfaisant* and *Le Prudent*, overpowered their feeble crews, burned the latter ship, and towed the other one into a corner of the harbor secured by British batteries. The harbor was now cleared of

THE TWO SIEGES OF LOUISBOURG

French shipping. Another great fire had just occurred in the town, destroying the barracks that had been an important point of shelter. The bastions on the land side were rapidly crumbling. On the 26th less than half a dozen guns were feebly replying to the uproar of 107 heavy pieces firing at close range from the British batteries, and more than one big breach in the walls warned the exhausted garrison of the imminence of an assault.

A council of war was now called, and the vote was unanimous that a white flag should be sent to Amherst with a request for terms. This was done, but when Amherst's answer came the opinion was equally unanimous against accepting what he offered, which was unconditional surrender within an hour. The officer was sent back again to urge a modification of such hard conditions, but Amherst, well knowing that he had Louisbourg at his mercy, refused even to see the envoy. With singular courage, seeing that no relief was possible, the French officers resolved to bear the brunt of the attack, and Franquet, the engineer who had constructed the fortifications with de la Houlière, the commander of the troops, proceeded to select the ground for a last stand.

But the townspeople had no mind to offer themselves up as victims to an infuriated soldiery, for they remembered Fort William Henry, and dreaded the result. The Commissary-General came to Drucour, and represented that whatever might be the feelings of the military with regard to their professional honor, it was not fair to subject 4,000 citizens, who had already suffered terribly, to the horrors of an assault upon that account alone.

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

He pointed out, and with justice, that no stain, as it was, could rest on the garrison, who had acquitted themselves most bravely against a numerous and formidable foe, and his arguments had effect. The messenger, who for some cause or other had delayed in his mission, was overtaken and recalled, and Amherst's terms accepted. These last required that all the garrison should be delivered up as prisoners of war and transported to England. The non-combatants were at liberty to return to France, and the sick and wounded, numbering some 1,200, were to be looked after by Amherst. All Cape Breton and the adjacent island of Saint Jean (now the fertile province of Prince Edward), with any small garrisons or stores therein contained, were to be given up to the English.

On July the 27th the French troops were drawn up on parade before Whitmore, and, with gestures of rage and mortification, laid down their arms and filed gloomily off to the ships that were to take them to England. Five thousand six hundred and thirty-seven prisoners, soldiers and sailors, were included in the surrender. About two hundred and forty sound pieces of cannon and mortars, with a large amount of ammunition and stores, fell into the hands of the victors. The French fleet in attendance was totally destroyed, and French power upon the North Atlantic coast ceased to exist.

THE ALBANY "PLAN OF UNION" FOR THE COLONIES

(1754)

BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN¹

It is proposed, that humble application be made for an act of Parliament of Great Britain, by virtue of which one general government may be formed in America, including all the said colonies, within and under which government each colony may retain its present constitution, except in the particulars wherein a change may be directed by the said act, as hereafter follows.

PRESIDENT-GENERAL AND GRAND COUNCIL

"That the said general government be administered by a President-General, to be appointed and supported by the crown; and a Grand Council, to be chosen by the representatives of the people of the several colonies met in their respective assemblies."

It was thought that it would be best the President-General should be supported as well as ap-

¹The "Plan" here printed was drawn up by Franklin at the request of a committee which had been entrusted with the task. Franklin based it on an outline plan which he had drawn up some time before. The Albany Congress, to which the plan was submitted in 1754, comprized 25 delegates, representing seven of the colonies—New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia. Some sort of union had

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

pointed by the crown, that so all disputes between him and the Grand Council concerning his salary might be prevented; as such disputes have been frequently of mischievous consequence in particular colonies, especially in time of public danger. The quitrents of crown lands in America might in a short time be sufficient for this purpose. The choice of members for the Grand Council is placed in the House of Representatives of each government, in order to give the people a share in this new general government, as the crown has its share by the appointment of the President-General.

But it being proposed by the gentlemen of the Council of New York, and some other counsellors among the commissioners, to alter the plan in this particular, and to give the governors and councils of the several Provinces a share in the choice of the Grand Council, or at least a power of approving and confirming, or of disallowing, the choice made by the House of Representatives, it was said:

That the government or constitution, proposed to be formed by the plan, consists of two branches; a President-General appointed by the crown, and a Council chosen by the people, or by the people's representatives, which is the same thing.

long been desired by the colonies, and altho this attempt ended in failure, it has historic importance as the most notable attempt at federation made by the colonies before the Revolution. Franklin ascribed its failure to the fact that the Congress itself "thought there was too much prerogative in it, and England thought it to have too much of the democratic." The Congress became useful, however, in familiarizing the people with the idea of union—a familiarity which helped forward in later years the movement for union of action against England. Printed in "Old South Leaflets."

FRANKLIN'S "PLAN OF UNION"

That, by a subsequent article, the Council chosen by the people can effect nothing without the consent of the President-General appointed by the crown; the crown possesses, therefore, full one-half of the power of this constitution.

That in the British constitution the crown is supposed to possess but one-third, the Lords having their share.

That this constitution seemed rather more favorable for the crown.

That it is essential to English liberty, that the subject should not be taxed but by his own consent, or the consent of his elected representatives.

That taxes to be laid and levied by this proposed constitution will be proposed and agreed to by the representatives of the people, if the plan in this particular be preserved;

But if the proposed alteration should take place, it seemed as if matters may be so managed, as that the crown shall finally have the appointment, not only of the President-General, but of a majority of the Grand Council; for seven out of eleven governors and councils are appointed by the crown;

And so the people in all the colonies would in effect be taxed by their governors.

It was therefore apprehended, that such alterations of the plan would give great dissatisfaction, and that the colonies could not be easy under such a power in governors, and such an infringement of what they take to be English liberty.

Besides, the giving a share in the choice of the Grand Council would not be equal with respect to all the colonies, as their constitutions differ. In some, both governor and council are appointed

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

by the crown; in others, they are both appointed by the proprietors. In some the people have a share in the choice of the council; in others, both government and council are wholly chosen by the people. But the House of Representatives is everywhere chosen by the people; and, therefore, placing the right of choosing the Grand Council in the representatives is equal with respect to all.

That the Grand Council is intended to represent all the several Houses of Representatives of the colonies, as a House of Representatives doth the several towns or counties of a colony. Could all the people of a colony be consulted and unite in public measures, a House of Representatives would be needless, and could all the Assemblies conveniently consult and unite in general measures, the Grand Council would be unnecessary.

That a House of Commons or the House of Representatives, and the Grand Council, are thus alike in their nature and intention. And, as it would seem improper that the King or House of Lords should have a power of disallowing or appointing members of the House of Commons; so, likewise, that a governor and council appointed by the crown should have a power of disallowing or appointing members of the Grand Council, who, in this constitution, are to be the representatives of the people.

If the governors and councils therefore were to have a share in the choice of any that are to conduct this general government, it should seem more proper that they choose the President-General. But, this being an office of trust and importance to the nation, it was thought better to be filled by the immediate appointment of the crown.

FRANKLIN'S "PLAN OF UNION"

ELECTION OF MEMBERS

"Within — months after the passing such act, the House of Representatives that happen to be sitting within that time, or that shall be especially for that purpose convened, may and shall choose members for the Grand Council, in the following proportion: that is to say, Massachusetts Bay, 7; New Hampshire, 2; Connecticut, 5; Rhode Island, 2; New York, 4; New Jersey, 3; Pennsylvania, 6; Maryland, 4; Virginia, 7; North Carolina, 4; South Carolina, 4. Total, 48."

It was thought, that if the least colony was allowed two, and the others in proportion, the number would be very great, and the expense heavy; and that less than two would not be convenient, as, a single person being by any accident prevented appearing at the meeting, the colony he ought to appear for would not be represented. That, as the choice was not immediately popular, they would be generally men of good abilities for business, and men of reputation for integrity; and that forty-eight such men might be a number sufficient. But, tho it was thought reasonable that each colony should have a share in the representative body in some degree according to the proportion it contributed to the general treasury, yet the proportion of wealth or power of the colonies is not to be judged by the proportion here fixt; because it was at first agreed, that the greatest colony should not have more than seven members, nor the least less than two; and the setting these proportions between these two extremes was not nicely attended to, as it would find itself, after the first election, from the sums brought into the treasury, as by a subsequent article.

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

PLACE OF FIRST MEETING

"The Grand Council shall meet for the first time at the city of Philadelphia, in Pennsylvania, being called by the President-General as soon as conveniently may be after his appointment."

Philadelphia was named as being nearer the center of the colonies, where the commissioners would be well and cheaply accommodated. The high roads, through the whole extent, are for the most part very good, in which forty or fifty miles a day may very well be, and frequently are, traveled. Great part of the way may likewise be gone by water. In summer time the passages are frequently performed in a week from Charleston to Philadelphia and New York; and from Rhode Island to New York through the Sound in two or three days; and from New York to Philadelphia by water and land in two days, by stage, boats and wheel-carriages that set out every other day. The journey from Charleston to Philadelphia may likewise be facilitated by boats running up Chesapeake Bay three hundred miles. But if the whole journey be performed on horseback, the most distant members, viz., the two from New Hampshire and from South Carolina, may probably render themselves at Philadelphia in fifteen or twenty days; the majority may be there in much less time. . . .

MEETINGS OF THE GRAND COUNCIL, AND CALL

"The Grand Council shall meet once in every year, and oftener if occasion require, at such time and place as they shall adjourn to at the last preceding meeting, or as they shall be called to meet at by the President-General on any emergency;

FRANKLIN'S "PLAN OF UNION"

he having first obtained in writing the consent of seven of the members to such call, and sent due and timely notice to the whole."

It was thought, in establishing and governing new colonies, or settlements, regulating Indian trade, Indian treaties, etc., there would every year sufficient business arise to require at least one meeting, and at such meeting many things might be suggested for the benefit of all the colonies. This annual meeting may either be at a time or place certain, to be fixed by the President-General and Grand Council at their first meeting; or left at liberty, to be at such time and place as they shall adjourn to, or be called to meet at by the President-General. In time of war, it seems convenient that the meeting should be in that colony which is nearest the seat of action. The power of calling them on any emergency seemed necessary to be vested in the President-General; but, that such power might not be wantonly used to harass the members, and oblige them to make frequent long journeys to little purpose, the consent of seven at least to such call was supposed a convenient guard. . . .

MEMBERS' ALLOWANCE

"The members of the Grand Council shall be allowed for their service ten shillings sterling per diem, during their session and journey to and from the place of meeting; twenty miles to be reckoned a day's journey."

It was thought proper to allow some wages, lest the expense might deter some suitable persons from the service; and not to allow too great wages, lest unsuitable persons should be tempted to cabal for

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

the employment, for the sake of gain. Twenty miles were set down as a day's journey, to allow for accidental hindrances on the road, and the greater expenses of traveling than residing at the place of meeting.

ASSENT OF THE PRESIDENT-GENERAL

"The assent of the President-General shall be requisite to all acts of the Grand Council, and it shall be his office and duty to cause them to be carried into execution."

The assent of the President-General to all acts of the Grand Council was made necessary, in order to give the crown its due share of influence in this government, and connect it with that of Great Britain. The President-General, besides one-half of the legislative power, hath in his hands the whole executive power.

RAISE SOLDIERS AND EQUIP VESSELS

"They shall raise and pay soldiers and build forts for the defense of any of the colonies, and equip vessels of force to guard the coasts and protect the trade on the ocean, lakes, or great rivers; but they shall not impress men in any colony, without the consent of the legislature."

It was thought that quotas of men, to be raised and paid by the several colonies, and joined for any public service, could not always be got together with the necessary expedition. For instance, suppose one thousand men should be wanted in New Hampshire on any emergency. To fetch them by fifties and hundreds out of every colony, as far as South Carolina, would be inconvenient, the transportation chargeable, and the occasion

FRANKLIN'S "PLAN OF UNION"

perhaps passed before they could be assembled; and therefore it would be best to raise them (by offering bounty-money and pay) near the place where they would be wanted, to be discharged again when the service should be over.

Particular colonies are at present backward to build forts at their own expense, which they say will be equally useful to their neighboring colonies; who refuse to join, on a presumption that such forts will be built and kept up, tho they contribute nothing. This unjust conduct weakens the whole; but the forts being for the good of the whole, it was thought best they should be built and maintained by the whole, out of the common treasury.

In the time of war, small vessels of force are sometimes necessary in the colonies to scour the coasts of small privateers. These being provided by the Union will be an advantage in turn to the colonies which are situated on the sea, and whose frontiers on the land-side, being covered by other colonies, reap but little immediate benefit from the advanced forts.

POWER TO MAKE LAWS, LAY DUTIES, &C.

"For these purposes they shall have power to make laws, and lay and levy such general duties, imposts, or taxes, as to them shall appear most equal and just (considering the ability and other circumstances of the inhabitants in the several colonies), and such as may be collected with the least inconvenience to the people; rather discouraging luxury than loading industry with unnecessary burdens."

The laws which the President-General and Grand

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

Council are empowered to make are such only as shall be necessary for the government of the settlements; the raising, regulating, and paying soldiers for the general service; the regulating of Indian trade; and laying and collecting the general duties and taxes. They should also have a power to restrain the exportation of provisions to the enemy from any of the colonies, on particular occasions, in time of war. But it is not intended that they may interfere with the constitution and government of the particular colonies; who are to be left to their own laws, and to lay, levy, and apply their own taxes, as before.

WASHINGTON'S EXPEDITION TO THE OHIO AND THE BATTLE OF GREAT MEADOWS

(1753—1754)

I

BY A. G. BRADLEY¹

Dinwiddie, the shrewd Scotch Governor of Virginia, was the first to move, and this he could only do by way of protest, since he had no forces worth mentioning and no money to pay the handful that he had. It is a strange coincidence that the agent he selected for the business—the first British soldier, in fact, who went out formally to proclaim King George's title to the West—should have been George Washington. The young Virginian was at this time only twenty-one, a major in the colonial service and adjutant-general of the Virginia militia. In the opinion of Dinwiddie, an opinion which did him credit, there was no one in the colony so well qualified to perform a mission of danger, delicacy, and hardship. . . .

The mission was to march through the woods from the Potomac River to the new French fort

¹ From Bradley's "Fight with France for North America." By arrangement with the publishers, Constable & Co., of London.

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

of Le Bœuf,² only twenty miles south of Lake-Erie, no mean performance in the year 1753! The chill rains of late autumn fell ceaselessly upon the small party as they pushed their way through the dripping forests, and it was December before they reached the nearer station of the French at Venango. Here an officer named Joncaire commanded, having seized an English trading-house and hoisted above it the French flag. Washington kept a journal of the whole expedition, and tells us how he dined here with the French officers, who, when flushed with wine, declared that, tho the English were in a great majority, their movements were too slow, and for their own part they intended to take the Ohio Valley and "by G—d to keep it." . . .

It was now the early spring of 1754. Forty backwoodsmen under an Ensign Ward were sent across the Alleghanies to erect a fort at a place previously selected by Washington, where the two large streams of the Alleghany and Monongahela meet to form the Ohio—a spot to become famous enough in the succeeding years, and in another sense still more famous now.³

Washington struck out into the wilderness,⁴ the ultimate object of the British attack being the fort which the French were said to be building at the beforementioned forks of the Ohio, and had already named after their Governor, Duquesne.

² This fort, according to Irving, was "on a sort of island on the west fork of French Creek, about fifteen miles south of Lake Erie."

³ Pittsburgh.

⁴ That is, in the year following his first expedition to the Ohio, described in the previous paragraphs.

WASHINGTON AT GREAT MEADOWS

Washington and his 150 men slowly pushed their way northwestward, cutting roads over the lofty forest-clad ridges of the Alleghanies for their guns and pack-trains. They had covered sixty miles, nearly half the march, and had arrived at an oasis in the mountain wilderness, where stood a trading station, known as "The Great Meadows," when word was brought that a French detachment was advancing from the new fort Duquesne to clear the English out of the country. Taking forty of his men with him, Washington groped his way through the whole of a pitch-dark and soaking night to the quarters of the "Half King," a friendly Indian chief, who had formed one of his party in the diplomatic mission of the previous year. The Indian had some news to give of an advanced scouting party of the French, supposed to be lurking in the neighborhood, and with some of his people joined Washington at daylight in an attempt to track them. In this they succeeded, and surprised the French lying in a ravine, who, on being discovered, all sprang to their feet, rifle in hand. Washington promptly gave the order to fire. A volley was given and returned. Coulon de Jumonville, the ensign who commanded the French, was shot dead, and a few of his men killed and wounded, while the remaining twenty-one were taken prisoners. The killing of Jumonville raised a great commotion, not only in the colonies, but in Europe. "It was the volley fired by a young Virginian in the backwoods of America," says Horace Walpole, "that set the world on fire." It was pretended by the French that Jumonville was on a quasi-diplomatic errand, ordering the English to retire. . . .

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

Jumonville and his men, it transpired, had been lying concealed for two days in the neighborhood of Washington's superior force—scarcely the natural method of procedure for a peaceful convoy! De Contrecoeur, commanding the main force of some 500 men, was advancing in the rear, and his scouting subaltern, who, as a matter of fact, had sent messengers to hurry him up, was simply waiting for his arrival to overwhelm the small British detachment.

Washington after this retired to the Great Meadows, where his second battalion, tho without their colonel, who had died, now arrived, together with the South Carolina company, consisting of fifty so-called regulars, raised in the colony but paid by the Crown. The young Virginian was now in command of 350 men, but the Carolina captain, being in some sort a king's officer, refused to take orders from him as a provincial, admirably illustrating one of the many difficulties which then hampered military action in the colonies. His men assumed similar airs, and would lend no hand in road-making, carrying packs, or hauling guns. So Washington labored on with his Virginians, seeking for some good defensive point at which to receive the attack of the large force he heard was advancing against him. After much labor it was decided to return again to the Great Meadows, and there entrench themselves as best they could. . . .

He drew up his force outside the poor entrenchments, which he had aptly called Fort Necessity, and seems to have had some vague idea of encountering the French in the open. But when at eleven o'clock some eight or nine hundred of the

WASHINGTON AT GREAT MEADOWS

enemy, including Indians, emerged from the woods, it soon became evident that, with such excellent cover as nature afforded in the overhanging hills, they were not going to take the superfluous risks of a frontal attack.

The British thereupon withdrew inside their works, and the French riflemen scattered among the wooded ridges that so fatally commanded them. A musketry duel then commenced and continued for nine hours, while a heavy rain fell incessantly. Washington's guns were almost useless, for they were so exposed that the loss of life in serving them was far greater than any damage they could inflict on the enemy. The men were up to their knees in water and mud; their bread had been long exhausted, and they were reduced to a meat diet, and a very poor one at that. This ragged regiment, in homespun and hunting-shirts, half-starved, soaked to the skin, and with ammunition failing, not from expenditure only, but from wet, fought stubbornly throughout the day. From time to time the very force of the rain caused a lull in the combat, the opposing forces being hidden from one another by sheets of falling water.

The French, as the day waned, proposed a capitulation, which Washington refused. But his ammunition at length gave out entirely, and as the gloomy light of the June evening began to fade, a fresh proposal to send an envoy to discuss terms as accepted. The indispensable Van Braam, as the only one of the British force who could speak French, was sent to negotiate. Nearly a hundred men of the defending force lay killed or wounded, while the French loss, tho not so great, turned out to be considerable. The terms offered, after

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

a little discussion, were at length accepted, and were honorable enough; namely, that the garrison were to march out with the honors of war, carrying their effects and one gun with them. The French were indeed in no position to take or maintain prisoners. . . .

The fifty-mile march return over the mountains to Wills Creek was a pitiful business. The wounded had to be carried on the backs of their weakened, travel-worn comrades, for the Indians, threatening and noisy, were with difficulty prevented from a general onslaught, and, as it was, killed all the horses and destroyed the medicine chests. It was a sorry band that struggled back with Washington across the Alleghanies, by the rough track that a year hence was to be beaten wider by the tramp of British infantry marching to a fate far more calamitous.⁵ . . .

The fight at the Great Meadows was in itself a small affair, but its effect was prodigious. Judged by modern ethics, it seems incredible that formal peace between France and England should remain undisturbed by such proceedings; but we shall see that the peace outlasted events far more critical, owing to the desire of France to get more forward in her preparations before the coming struggle actually opened, and to the apathy reigning in the councils of England. But, peace or war, the great conflict had begun, and the incapacity of the colonies to help themselves had been so fully demonstrated as to turn men's minds across the sea, as to the only quarter from which efficient help could be expected.

⁵ A reference to Braddock's ill-fated expedition of the following year.

WASHINGTON'S MARCH TO THE OHIO

II

WASHINGTON'S ACCOUNT OF HIS FIRST MARCH TO THE OHIO

As it was thought advisable by his Honor the Governor to have the following Account of my Proceedings to and from the French on Ohio, committed to Print; I think I can do no less than apologize, in some Measure, for the numberless Imperfections of it. . . .

Wednesday, October 31, 1753.

I was commissioned and appointed by the Honourable Robert Dinwiddie, Esq., Governor, &c., of Virginia, to visit and deliver a letter to the Commandant of the French forces on the Ohio, and set out on the intended Journey the same day: The next, I arrived at Fredericksburg, and engaged Mr. Jacob Vanbraam, to be my French interpreter; and proceeded with him to Alexandria, where we provided Necessaries. From thence we went to Winchester, and got Baggage, Horses, &c.; and from thence we pursued the new Road to Wills-Creek, where we arrived the 14th of November.

25th. Came to Town four or ten Frenchmen who had deserted from a Company at the Kuskuskas, which lies at the Mouth of this River. I got the following Account from them. They were sent from New-Orleans with 100 men, and 8

¹ From Washington's "Journal," prepared at the request of Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia. He wrote this journal in a single day from rough notes prepared during the journey. Only two copies of the original edition of the "Journal" are extant. It has been reprinted in "Old South Leaflets."

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

Canoe-Loads of Provisions to this Place; where they expected to have met the same Number of Men, from the Forts on this Side Lake Erie, to convoy them, and the Stores up, who were not arrived when they ran-off.

I enquired into the Situation of the French, on the Mississippi, their Number, and what Forts they had built. They inform'd me, That there were four small Forts between New Orleans and the Black-Islands, garrison'd with about 30 or 40 Men, and a few small Pieces in each. That at New Orleans, which is near the Mouth of the Mississippi, there are 35 Companies, of 40 Men each, with a pretty strong Fort mounting 8 Carriage Guns; and at the Black-Islands there are several Companies, and a Fort with 6 Guns. The Black-Islands are about 130 Leagues above the Mouth of the Ohio, which is about 350 above New-Orleans. They also acquainted me that there was a small palisado'd Fort on the Ohio, at the Mouth of the Obaish² about 60 Leagues from the Mississippi. The Obaish heads near the West End of Lake Erie, and affords the Communication between the French on Mississippi and those on the Lakes. These Deserters came up from the lower Shanoah Town with one Brown, an Indian Trader, and were going to Philadelphia. . . .

We sat out about 9 o'Clock with the Half-King Jeskakake, White Thunder, and the Hunter; and traveled on the Road to Venango,³ where we ar-

² Now written Wabash.

³ Venango was at the confluence of French Creek and the Allegheny River, then called the Ohio. It lay in western Pennsylvania, where the town of Franklin now is, in Venango County.

WASHINGTON'S MARCH TO THE OHIO

rived the 4th of December, without any Thing remarkable happening but a continued Series of bad Weather.

This is an old Indian Town, situated at the Mouth of French Creek on Ohio; and lies near N. about 60 Miles from the Loggs-Town, but more than 70 the Way we were obliged to go.

We found the French Colors hoisted at a House from which they had driven Mr. John Frazier, an English Subject. I immediately repaired to it, to know where the Commander resided. There were three Officers, one of whom, Capt. Joncaire, informed me, that he had the Command of the Ohio: But that there was a General Officer at the near Fort, where he advised me to apply for an Answer. He invited us to sup with them; and treated us with the greatest Complaisance.

The Wine, as they dosed themselves pretty plentifully with it, soon banished the Restraint which at first appeared in their Conversation; and gave a License to their Tongues to reveal their Sentiments more freely.

They told me, That it was their absolute Design to take Possession of the Ohio, and by G—— they would do it. For that altho' they were sensible the English could raise two Men for their one; yet they knew their Motions were too slow and dilatory to prevent any Undertaking of theirs. They pretend to have an undoubted Right to the River, from a Discovery made by one La Salle⁴ 60 Years ago; and the Rise of this Expedition is, to

⁴ Washington's phrase, "made by one La Salle," sheds a curious light on the ignorance that then prevailed in America as to the first voyage ever made by a European from the upper Mississippi to its mouth.

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

prevent our settling on the River or Waters of it, as they had heard of some Families moving-out in Order thereto. From the best Intelligence I could get, there have been 1,500 Men on their Side Ontario Lake: But upon the Death of the General all were recalled to about 6 or 700, who were left to garrison four Forts, 150 or thereabouts in each. . . .

6th. The Half-King came to my Tent, quite sober, and insisted very much that I should stay and hear what he had to say to the French. I fain would have prevented his speaking any Thing till he came to the Commandant, but could not prevail. He told me that at this Place a Council Fire was kindled, where all their Business with these People was to be transacted; and that the Management of the Indian affairs was left solely to Monsieur Joncaire. As I was desirous of knowing the Issue of this, I agreed to stay: But sent our Horses a little way up French Creek to raft over and encamp; which I knew would make it near Night. . . .

13th. The chief Officers retired, to hold a Council of War; which gave me an Opportunity of taking the Dimensions of the Fort, and making what Observations I could.

It is situated on the South or West Fork of French Creek, near the Water; and is almost surrounded by the Creek, and a small Branch of it which forms a Kind of Island. Four Houses compose the Sides. The Bastions are made of Piles driven into the Ground, standing more than 12 Feet above it, and sharp at Top: With Port-Holes cut for Cannon, and Loop-Holes for the small Arms to fire through. There are eight 6 lb.

WASHINGTON'S MARCH TO THE OHIO

Pieces mounted, in each Bastion; and one Piece of four Pound before the Gate. In the Bastions are a Guard-House, Chapel, Doctor's Lodging, and the Commander's private Store: Round which are laid Plat-Forms for the Cannon and Men to stand on. There are several Barracks without the Fort, for the Soldiers Dwelling; covered, some with Bark and some with Boards, made chiefly of Loggs. There are also several other Houses, such as Stables, Smiths Shop, &c.

I could get no certain Account of the Number of Men here: But according to the best Judgment I could form, there are an Hundred exclusive of Officers, of which there are many. I also gave Orders to the people who were with me, to take an exact Account of the Canoes which were hauled-up to convey their Forces down in the Spring. This they did, and told 50 of Birch Bark, and 170 of Pine; besides many others which were blocked-out, in Readiness to make. . . .

15th. The Commandant ordered a plentiful Store of Liquor, Provision, &c., to be put on Board our Canoe; and appeared to be extremely complaisant, though he was exerting every Artifice which he could invent to set our own Indians at Variance with us, to prevent their going 'till after our Departure. Presents, Rewards, and every Thing which could be suggested by him or his Officers—I can't say that ever in my Life I suffered so much Anxiety as I did in this Affair: I saw that every Stratagem which the most fruitful Brain could invent, was practised, to win the Half-King to their Interest; and that leaving him here was giving them the Opportunity they aimed at.—I went to the Half-King and press'd him in the strongest

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

Terms to go: He told me the Commandant would not discharge him 'till the Morning. I then went to the Commandant, and desired him to do their Business; and complain'd of ill Treatment: For keeping them, as they were Part of my Company, was detaining me. This he promised not to do, but to forward my Journey as much as he could. He protested he did not keep them, but was ignorant of the Cause of their Stay; though I soon found it out:—He had promised them a present of Guns, &c., if they would wait 'till the morning.

Our Horses were now so weak and feeble, and the Baggage so heavy (as we were obliged to provide all the Necessaries which the Journey would require) that we doubted much their performing it; therefore myself and others (except the Drivers, who were obliged to ride) gave up our Horses for Packs, to assist along with the Baggage. I put myself in an Indian walking Dress, and continued with them three Days, till I found there was no Probability of their getting home in any reasonable Time. The Horses grew less able to travel every Day; the Cold increased very fast; and the Roads were becoming much worse by a deep Snow, continually freezing: Therefore as I was uneasy to get back, to make Report of my Proceedings to his Honour, the Governor, I determined to prosecute my Journey the nearest Way through the Woods, on Foot. . . .

Accordingly I left Mr. Vanbraam in Charge of our Baggage: with Money and Directions to Provide Necessaries from Place to Place for themselves and Horses, and to make the most convenient Dispatch in Travelling.

I took my necessary Papers; pulled off my

WASHINGTON'S MARCH TO THE OHIO

Cloaths; and tied myself up in a Match Coat. Then with Gun in Hand and Pack at my Back, in which were my Papers and Provisions, I set-out with Mr. Gist, fitted in the same Manner, on Wednesday the 26th. . . .

The next Day we continued travelling till quite dark, and got to the River about two Miles above Shannapins. We expected to have found the River frozen, but it was not, only about 50 Yards from each Shore; The Ice I suppose had broken up above, for it was driving in vast Quantities.

There was no Way for getting over but on a Raft: Which we set about with but one poor Hatchet, and finished just after Sun-setting. This was a whole Day's Work. Then set off; But before we were Half Way over, we were jammed in the Ice, in such a Manner that we expected every Moment our Raft to sink, and ourselves to perish. I put-out my setting Pole to try to stop the Raft, that the Ice might pass by; when the Rapidity of the Stream threw it with so much Violence against the Pole, that it jerked me out into ten Feet Water: but I fortunately saved myself by catching hold of one of the Raft Logs. Notwithstanding all our Efforts we could not get the Raft to either Shore; but were obliged, as we were near an Island, to quit our Raft and make to it. . . .

On the 11th I got to Belvoir: where I stopped one Day to take necessary Rest; and then set out and arrived in Williamsburgh the 16th; when I waited upon his Honour the Governor with the Letter I had brought from the French Commandant; and to give an Account of the Success of my Proceedings. This I beg leave to do by offering the foregoing Narrative as it contains the most

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

remarkable Occurrences which happened in my Journey.

I hope what has been said will be sufficient to make your Honour satisfied with my Conduct; for that was my Aim in undertaking the Journey, and chief Study throughout the Prosecution of it.

THE DEFEAT OF BRADDOCK

(1755)

BY A. G. BRADLEY¹

On the 20th of February the small British armament cast anchor in Hampton Roads, Virginia, when General Braddock, who was in command, proceeded at once to Williamsburg, the capital of the colony, to confer with its eager and expectant Governor, Dinwiddie. The fleet then sailed up the Potomac and deposited the troops where the Virginia town of Alexandria, then in its infancy, now looks across the broad river toward the noble buildings of the city of Washington. These two regiments were the first substantial force of British regulars that had ever landed on American soil, unless, indeed, we go back to that curious revolt against Governor Berkeley in 1676,² and the brief civil war in Virginia, which was finally extinguished by the landing of a mixed battalion of Guards.

Concerning Braddock, seeing that his name has been immortalized by the tragedy for which some hold him, in part, accountable, a word or two must be said. He was now over sixty years of age, and was the choice of the Duke of Cumberland, then

¹ From Bradley's "Fight with France for North America." By arrangement with the publishers, Constable & Co., of London.

² Bacon's Rebellion, described in Volume II.

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

commander-in-chief. As he had neither wealth nor influence, American warfare not being in request by fortune's favorites, we may fairly suppose that he was selected on his merits. No name has been more irresponsibly played upon and few reputations perhaps more hardly used than Braddock's by most writers of history and nearly all writers of fiction. His personality, from its very contrast to the wild woods in which he died, has caught the fancy of innumerable pens, and justice has been sadly sacrificed to picturesque effect. One is almost inclined to think that the mere fact of his name beginning with a letter which encourages a multiplication of strenuous epithets, has been against him. He is regarded as the typical red-coat of the Hanoverian period by all American writers—burly, brutal, blundering, blasphemous, but happily always, and without a dissentient note, brave—brave indeed as a lion. This familiar picture of our poor general, as a corpulent, red-faced, blaspheming bulldog, riding roughshod over colonial susceptibilities, tones down amazingly when one comes to hard facts. Legends of his former life are, with peculiar lack of generosity, quoted for what they are worth, and when examined they seem to be worth nothing. Walpole airs his wit in one or two doubtful aspersions, and a play of Fielding's is with little reason supposed to satirize the general's earlier years.

What is really known about Braddock is in his favor. Vanquished in a duel, he had been too proud to ask his life. In command at Gibraltar he was "adored by his men," and this tho he was notorious as a strict disciplinarian, a quality which Wolfe at this very time declares to be the

THE DEFEAT OF BRADDOCK

most badly needed one in the British army. He had been in the Guards, had enjoyed a private income of some £300 a year, which it may be noted, since spendthrift is one of the epithets hurled at him, he slightly increased during his lifetime. The night before Braddock sailed, he went with his two aides, Burton and Orme, to see Mrs. Bellamy, and left her his will, drawn up in favor of her husband. He also produced a map, and remarked, with a touch of melancholy, that he was "going forth to conquer whole worlds with a handful of men, and to do so must cut his way through unknown woods." He was, in fact, the first British general to conduct a considerable campaign in a remote wilderness. He had neither precedents nor the experience of others to guide him, and he found little help in the colonies where he had been taught to look for much. . . .

The two British regiments in the meantime were being raised from 500 men to a strength of 700 by provincial enlistment. The 44th was commanded by Sir Peter Halkett, a good officer, who, ten years previously, had been captured by the Pretender, and released on parole. The 48th were under Dunbar, who acquitted himself but poorly as we shall see. The camp of exercise on the Potomac was a strange and inspiring sight to the colonists, who had now begun in some sort to realize the French danger. With all their seeming apathy, the Virginians and Marylanders were stanchly loyal. The echoes from far-off European fields, won or fiercely disputed by the intrepidity of British soldiers, were still ringing in their ears. Stories of Dettingen and Fontenoy were yet told by cabin fires and on the planters' shady porches by new-

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

comers from England and sometimes, no doubt, by men who had assisted in those glorious victories, and scarcely less glorious defeats. Here now were these redoubtable redcoats, gay in all the glitter and panoply of war, actually marching and maneuvering on the warm soil of the Old Dominion. If there had been anything in this French scare, there was now at any rate no further cause for alarm. It was a great opportunity, too, for the gentry of the Potomac shore to indulge at the same time their loyal and their social instincts. Tradition says that the ladies appreciated the situation more than the gentlemen of the colony, who were not over-pleased at the supercilious bearing of the British officers. Washington, whose estate at Mount Vernon lay within a few miles of the Alexandria camp, was a frequent visitor. . . .

Benjamin Franklin, then postmaster at Philadelphia, was at the general's right hand, dining daily at his table—"the first capable and sensible man I have met in the country," wrote poor Braddock to his Government.³ Franklin undertook the wagon business, and with great effect he turned to Pennsylvania, a colony of prosperous small farmers, apathetic as to the war, but posset of abundant agricultural requisites. Franklin appealed not to their patriotism but to their pockets, or rather to their fears, telling them roundly that it would be better to hire their wagons and teams to His Majesty's Government than wait till they were dragooned, as with a fine touch of ready audacity he assured them they certainly would be. He, moreover, pledged his personal credit, and

³ "Franklin," says the author in a foot-note, "did not return Braddock's regard."

THE DEFEAT OF BRADDOCK

both the required wagons and several hundred horses were collected in a few days. With the food contractors in Virginia, too, there was infinite difficulty: the meat was rancid, the flour was short, while many of the horses were afterward stolen by the very men who had sold them. Whatever were Braddock's faults, and one of them no doubt was cursing both the country and the Government which sent him there, he at least spared neither himself nor his private purse, which last he drew upon freely, Orme tells us, in his struggle for ways and means. . . .

The route followed to the Great Meadows was much the same as that used by Washington and his small force in the preceding year, but now a road twelve feet wide had to be opened over the rugged, tree-encumbered ground. Its course lay neither over veldt, nor plain, nor prairie, nor sandy desert, nor Russian steppe; but over two high ranges of mountains and several lesser ridges, clad in the gloom of mighty forests, littered with the wreckage of unnumbered years, riven this way and that by turbulent streams, and swarming with hostile Indians. . . .

On the 7th of July, after a month's march, the column arrived within a dozen miles of its destination, and its difficulties seemed almost over. Whatever reenforcements might have reached Fort Duquesne, the French and their allies could hardly be in great strength, or some sort of demonstration would surely have been made, particularly as the Indians had small liking for open spaces and artillery. "Men and officers," says Orme, "had now become so skilful in the woods that they were no longer in fear of an ambuscade." Nor did Brad-

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

dock for that matter, as is often loosely stated, eventually run into one. The army was now within a few miles of the Monongahela, which rolled with broad and shallow current on the left, and in a northwesterly direction to its junction with the Alleghany. These two rivers unite to form the Ohio, and in the angle of their junction, on a site now buried amid the smoke and din of Pittsburgh, then stood the lonely fortress.

In this order the troops had proceeded the better part of a mile, and had reached a spot where the underbrush grew thicker than usual beneath the trees. The vanguard under Gage had just crossed a shallow ravine, when the scouts and horsemen came rapidly in, and at the same moment Gordon, the engineer who was marking out the road, caught sight of a man, drest as an Indian, but wearing the gorget of an officer, running toward him. The latter, as soon as he saw the English, pulled up short and waved his hat over his head, when the woods in front became of a sudden alive with warriors, and the Indian war-whoop ringing from nearly a thousand throats shook the arches of the forest with its novel and appalling clamor. Forms innumerable, some in white uniforms, some in blue, still more in the weird feathered head-dress and garish pigments of the Indian, could be seen speeding to right and left among the trees. In a few moments a musketry fire, at first desultory but as each fresh enemy found cover quickening rapidly into a formidable fusillade, poured in upon Gage's men. For a short time many of the foe were visible, and the small British vanguard wheeled into line and delivered two or three volleys with steadiness and precision. But the enemy,

THE DEFEAT OF BRADDOCK

with a far greater superiority of aim than the modern Boer has over the modern redcoat, and with a bright-colored exposed target such as was rarely offered to him in forest warfare, was already playing deadly havoc. The British bullets did little more than sliver the bark from trees and cut the saplings. . . .

Braddock, when the firing grew hot enough to show that his vanguard was seriously engaged, prest rapidly up with the main column, leaving Sir Peter Halkett with 400 men, including most of the provincials, to guard the baggage. As the supports reached Gage's company, the latter seem even in so short a time to have received heavy punishment and fell back in some confusion on the new-comers, shaking their steadiness and mixing the men of the two regiments together. Never perhaps was a battle fought more difficult in one sense and in another more painfully simple to describe.

The doubtful moment with the Indians seems to have passed when the main body and the vanguard of the British melted into one. Henceforth it was an almost purely Indian fight and of a nature more astoundingly one-sided than had ever occurred in the annals of backwoods warfare. From right and left and front, and from an enemy that was practically invisible, a deadly fire that scarcely tested the well-known accuracy of the men behind the rifles, was poured for two hours into bewildered, huddling groups of redcoats. It was a butchery rather than a battle. Anglo-Saxon writers have followed one another in monotonous abuse of these two hapless battalions. The French victor, Dumas, is more generous when he tells us they re-

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

mained to be shot at for two hours with obstinate firmness. Braddock was a helpless amateur at such work, and his men still more so. Hopelessly disorganized, they crowded together in groups firing wildly into the trees or into the air, or sometimes even into their own comrades.

Braddock proved himself a very lion in combat, but his reckless courage was of no avail. His officers exposed their lives with splendid valor, but the sacrifice was useless. To fight enemies they could not see, and who mowed them down like corn, was something terribly novel to the routine British soldier of that day, brave and stanch tho he was amid more familiar dangers. In vain it was endeavored, by planting the regimental standards in the ground, to disentangle the medley. It was in vain that officer after officer gathered together small groups of men and led them into the teeth of the storm. They were picked off with deadly accuracy, and their followers, bereft of leadership, thrown back upon the slaughter pen. . . .

British officers as well as colonials who were there have declared that no pen could describe the scene. One actor in it wrote that the dreadful clangor of the Indian war-whoop would ring in his ears till his dying day. One can imagine the pack-horses, stung to madness by bullet-wounds and fright, stumbling about among the dead and wounded, adding their dying shrieks to the general uproar, and the cattle, smitten by the fire of both sides, rushing terror-stricken through the woods. At the tail of the column toward the ford and in rear of the baggage Halkett's 400 men, prest by the advanced points of the Indian flank fire,

THE DEFEAT OF BRADDOCK

were faring somewhat better, tho Sir Peter himself was killed, and his son, while trying to raise him, fell dead by his side. Most of the hundred or so Virginia riflemen, about whose action in this fight a good deal of fable has gathered, were here. They did their duty, and fought gallantly behind trees according to backwoods custom. But the contemporary plan of the battle shows the attack on the rear guard to have been far weaker than where the mass of the demoralized redcoats drew the bulk of the fire.

The pandemonium had lasted over two hours. Only the wagoners and axmen so far had fled. Washington, in the thick of the fight, had nobly seconded his chief's endeavors. He was still unhurt, though several bullets had passed through his clothes and two horses had been killed under him. Braddock, hoarse, hot, smoke-grimed, and stung with the bitterness of defeat, at last gave the signal for retreat. He was riding his fifth horse, and at this moment fell from it with a ball in his lungs.

Everything was abandoned to the enemy—wagons, guns, cattle, horses, baggage, and £25,000 in specie, while scores of helpless wounded were left victims to the tomahawk and scalping-knife. The long strain once loosened, it became a race for life by every man who could drag his legs behind him. Regulars and provincials splashed in panic and in dire confusion through the ford they had crossed in such pomp but three hours before. Arms and accouterments were flung away in the terror with which men fled from those ghastly shambles. A few Indians followed the fugitives into the water, but none crossed it. There was no

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

pursuit; with such a wealth of spoil and scalps on the battle-field, it would not have been Indian tactics.

Braddock, tho suffering from a mortal wound, made an effort with his surviving officers to gather some men together and make a stand beyond the first ford. It was useless, however, and they soon found themselves alone. Beyond the second ford another attempt was made with no more success. From here Washington, Braddock's only uninjured aide-de-camp, was sent forward to Dunbar's camp, over sixty miles away, to hurry on help and provisions for the wounded.

At the Great Meadows, a stage beyond, Braddock died. He was buried there beneath the forest leaves, Washington reading the funeral service over his grave, while wagons were rolled over the fresh mould lest his remains should be found and desecrated. Twenty years later, when the wilderness had given away to civilization, his bones, recognized by the articles buried with him, were accidentally unearthed by a farmer's spade, and found a strange and discreditable resting-place in a glass case at a local museum.⁴

⁴ Some of Braddock's bones were so treated, but others were buried at the foot of a broad-spreading oak about a mile to the west of Fort Necessity.

THE DEFEAT OF BRADDOCK

II

WASHINGTON'S OWN ACCOUNT¹

HONORED MADAM: As I doubt not but you have heard of our defeat, and, perhaps, had it represented in a worse light, if possible, than it deserves, I have taken this earliest opportunity to give you some account of the engagement as it happened, within ten miles of the French fort, on Wednesday the 9th instant.

We marched to that place, without any considerable loss, having only now and then a straggler picked up by the French and scouting Indians. When we came there, we were attacked by a party of French and Indians, whose number, I am persuaded, did not exceed three hundred men; while ours consisted of about one thousand three hundred well-armed troops, chiefly regular soldiers, who were struck with such a panic that they behaved with more cowardice than it is possible to conceive. The officers behaved gallantly, in order to encourage their men, for which they suffered greatly, there being near sixty killed and wounded; a large proportion of the number we had.

The Virginia troops showed a good deal of bravery, and were nearly all killed; for I believe, out of three companies that were there, scarcely thirty men are left alive. Captain Peyrouny, and all his officers down to a corporal, were killed.

¹ Letter from Washington to his mother, written at Fort Cumberland, after the battle, and dated July 18, 1755. Washington had accompanied Braddock as a volunteer aide-de-camp.

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

Captain Polson had nearly as hard a fate, for only one of his was left. In short, the dastardly behavior of those they call regulars exposed all others, that were inclined to do their duty, to almost certain death; and, at last, in despite of all the efforts of the officers to the contrary, they ran, as sheep pursued by dogs, and it was impossible to rally them.

The General was wounded, of which he died three days after. Sir Peter Halket was killed in the field, where died many other brave officers. I luckily escaped without a wound, though I had four bullets through my coat, and two horses shot under me. Captains Orme and Morris, two of the aids-de-camp, were wounded early in the engagement, which rendered the duty harder upon me, as I was the only person then left to distribute the General's orders, which I was scarcely able to do, as I was not half recovered from a violent illness, that had confined me to my bed and a wagon for above ten days. I am still in a weak and feeble condition, which induces me to halt here two or three days in the hope of recovering a little strength, to enable me to proceed homewards; from whence, I fear, I shall not be able to stir till toward September; so that I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you till then, unless it be in Fairfax. . . . I am, honored Madam, your most dutiful son.

THE DEPORTATION OF THE ACADIANS OF NOVA SCOTIA

(1755)

BY A. G. BRADLEY¹

I have already spoken somewhat fully of the troubles with the Acadians, and made brief allusion to the crowning scene of their forcible removal, which occurred this year. The unquenchable yearning of the French to recover their long-lost province was by no means lessened by their successes elsewhere. The strong fort of Beauséjour, that they had erected on the neck of the isthmus, in doubtful territory, but commanding the most troubled part of the English dominion of Nova Scotia, became a busy scene of intrigue and action. Nearly 2,000 men, French regulars and insurgent or outlawed Acadians, besides large bands of Indians, were gathered either inside or within hail of it; while at the far end of the province the great naval and military post of Louisbourg boded mischief no less dangerous. The recent English settlement of Halifax, now the capital of the province, and a few isolated forts containing each their handful of men, represented all the

¹ From Bradley's "Fight with France for North America." By arrangement with the publishers, Constable & Co., of London. Longfellow's poem, "Evangeline," is founded on an incident in the deportation of the Acadians.

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

power available for resisting a French attack, and protecting the scanty English settlers from the constant raiding of Acadians and Miemaes.

Nova Scotia, so far as military occupation went, was now wholly in British hands. But tho rid of pressing danger from French forts and soldiers, it remained a seething hotbed of misery, treachery, and disorder. Its security was of vital importance to the British at this most crucial moment. For similar reasons its recovery was no less an object with the French. The small handful of British regulars, with the raw and scant militia of the infant Halifax, would be ridiculously inadequate as a protecting force; while the two Massachusetts regiments, in accordance with custom and necessity, were only enlisted for a season. A small force of French invaders, in the present temper of the Acadians, could count on their almost unanimous assistance. Hitherto any of these latter people who had abandoned their farms could return and make their peace without difficulty. Those who had remained at home could at any time insure the continued favor of the British Government by taking an unqualified oath of allegiance to King George, who had treated them with unbroken indulgence, and under whose rule most of them had been actually born. Yet never had these strange people been more generally hostile than now, and at no time, thanks to magnified reports of French successes, had they been so insolent. It is not surprizing that the patience of the British authorities at last gave out; and Lawrence,² tho eminently a just man, was not quite so soft-hearted as some of his predecessors. . . .

² The British officer in command in Nova Scotia.

DEPORTATION OF THE ACADIANS

A certain number of exiles had petitioned for reinstatement, and received it on taking the full oath, but the mass yet awaited the test. Time prest, and none was lost. Shirley amid his own troubles on the far-off Mohawk was as strong as Lawrence for an ultimatum. The latter, after submitting the matter to his Council at Halifax, communicated his intentions to Monckton, Winslow and the other British officers. In every district it was then proclaimed that an unqualified oath of allegiance would be required from every inhabitant who had not already taken it. The appeal was responded to by deputations from the several districts, all making objections to the terms of the oath, chief among these being the liability to bear arms. Others made stipulations that the priests should be free from all supervision. Lawrence went so far as to promise them that, for the present at any rate, they should not be liable to military service. It was in vain that firmly and kindly he reminded them of the consistent indulgence shown them by the King of England, and explained how impossible it was that he should tolerate such a grudging return. But it was neither the King of England, nor the King of France, nor any question of race or patriotism, that these infatuated people had in their minds, but the fear of eternal damnation, which the Bishop of Quebec, through his all too zealous missionaries, had struck deep into their unsophisticated souls, and the dread of Le Loutre's Micmac Indians.

"Then," at last said Lawrence, "you are no longer subjects of the King of England, but of the King of France. You will be treated as such, and removed from the country." At this they were

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

staggered, and most of them relenting, profest a willingness to take the oath. "No," said Lawrence; "you have had your opportunity and rejected it. Such an oath as you would now take, and such loyalty as mere fear extorts from you, is worthless. We shall now have regard solely to the king's interests, and the consequences must rest on your own heads." I have here endeavored to condense what extended in fact over many interviews, much tedious going to and fro of deputations, and much consultation in the Acadian villages.

It was the middle of July when Lawrence and Winslow commenced that final step which made such a harrowing picture for the somewhat ill-instructed sympathies of half a dozen generations of Britons and Americans. The troops were divided into four or five bodies, and marched through the province to the chief centers of population, which were mostly on the western shore. The object in hand was kept a dead secret from all but the leading British officers. Winslow had command at Grandpré, and has kept a useful journal of the whole business. September the 5th was the day decided upon for action, when the officer of each district was to summon all its able-bodied men to come and hear the intentions of the king toward them. Accustomed to regard the rare bark of the British Government as infinitely worse than its still rarer bite, they came in a large proportion of their strength, and without a thought of the trap that was being laid for them, to hear what suggestions that benign shadow, the King of England, had to make for their future.

The parish church in most cases was the ap-

DEPORTATION OF THE ACADIANS

pointed rendezvous, and there the king's orders were read aloud to them by the officer in command. These were to the effect that all such Acadians as had not already taken the oath were to be shipt out of the country with their families; that their lands and stock, which at any time till now they could have saved by an oath of allegiance to a king "who had treated them with greater indulgence than any of his subjects in any part of his dominions," were forfeited to the Crown. Their money only, and such household goods as there might be room for in the ships, they were to be allowed to take.

The wretched Acadians were dumfounded at the nature of this announcement. Many refused to believe it. They were, however, prisoners, with only too much time before them for the terrible truth to sink into their minds. There was no escape, for outside the churches stood the New England soldiery, in their blue uniforms, with loaded muskets. The number of Acadians secured on this 5th of September varied in the several districts. Everywhere, however, it was supplemented by forays of the British troops, which became no easy matter when the direful news spread abroad. The transports for removing the emigrants were dilatory in their arrivals. Winslow and his brother officers chafed at the delay, for their small divided force was none too strong, and, moreover, as humane men, they heartily detested the job. No hint, however, comes down from any of them that, under the circumstances, there was any alternative, which is significant. There seems, indeed, to have been but one opinion as to its necessity. It is not for us to dwell here on the details of this mel-

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

ancholy deportation. All the women and children who so desired could go, and every care was made to keep together not only families, but so far as possible neighbors. Many did not believe the sentence would be actually carried out till the first detachments were marched on board ship at the bayonet's point. The whole wretched business occupied over two months. About six thousand in all were deported, while more than half that number were left behind in Acadia, to say nothing of as many more who had fled into French territory. Some of these became practically outlaws, and harassed the British till the close of the war. But their sting was drawn: the province rapidly became in the main British by race as well as by territory, hastened to this end by the fall of Louisbourg.

The hapless emigrants were distributed throughout the English colonies. That people so profoundly ignorant and bigoted as the Acadians did not flourish when pitchforked thus on to alien soil, is not surprising. Nor is it more so by the same token that the British colonists upon whom they were unceremoniously precipitated, showed no alacrity to receive them. Their after wanderings, which were wide, and subsequent groupings, are of interest to the American ethnologist, but do not concern us here. It will be sufficient to say that, of all the communities upon whom they were cast, the uncompromising heretics of Massachusetts exhibited most practical charity, while it was the exiles who found their way to Quebec, to their coreligionists and their own countrymen, whose tools they had been, that fared the worst. It would be unprofitable to examine here to what

DEPORTATION OF THE ACADIANS

extent this radical operation was justifiable. The reader must pass his own judgment on it. It will be well, however, to remember that the year was not 1900, but 1755; that the perpetrators of it, colonists and British officials, were confronted with what proved one of the most pregnant struggles in modern history, and were ill equipped for it; that they had treated these people with a consistent indulgence that had then no parallel under such circumstances; that the lives and fortunes of 4,000 peaceful English settlers on the Halifax side of the province were in daily jeopardy; and lastly, that a considerable number of the exiles themselves had their hands red with the blood of Englishmen, not killed in fair fight, but murdered in Indian fashion while peacefully pursuing their daily avocations on British soil.

THE VICTORY OF WOLFE AT QUEBEC

(1759)

BY CAPTAIN JOHN KNOX¹

Before daybreak this morning [September 13] we made a descent upon the north shore, about half a quarter of a mile to the eastward of Sillery; and the light troops were fortunately by the rapidity of the current carried lower down between us and Cape Diamond. We had in this debarkation thirty flat-bottomed boats, containing about sixteen hundred men. This was a great surprise on the enemy, who from the natural strength of the place did not suspect, and consequently were not prepared against so bold an attempt. The chain of sentries which they had posted along the

¹From Knox's "Historical Journal of the Campaign in North America." Knox accompanied the expedition and wrote his "journal" from day to day. It was published in London, in two volumes, a few years after the battle. The victory of Wolfe has been recognized by many writers as of the utmost importance in modern history. Parkman says it "marks an epoch than which none is more fruitful of grand results. With it began a new chapter in the annals of the world." Green, in his "History of the English People," says: "With the triumph of Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham began the history of the United States." John Fiske wrote that "the triumph of Wolfe marks the greatest turning-point as yet discovered in modern history." This importance came from the fact that the battle decided for North America that her civilization should be English rather than French.

THE VICTORY OF WOLFE AT QUEBEC

summit of the heights galled us a little, and picked off several men and some officers before our light infantry got up to dislodge them. This grand enterprise was conducted and executed with great good order and discretion.

As fast as we landed² the boats put off for reinforcements, and the troops formed with much regularity. The general, with Brigadiers Monckton and Murray, was ashore with the first division. We lost no time here, but clambered up one of the steepest precipices that can be conceived, being almost a perpendicular, and of an incredible height. As soon as we gained the summit all was quiet, and not a shot was heard, owing to the excellent conduct of the light infantry under Colonel Howe. It was by this time clear daylight. Here we formed again, the river and the south country in our rear, our right extending to the town, our left to Sillery, and halted a few minutes. The general then detached the light troops to our left to route the enemy from their battery, and to disable their guns, except they could be rendered serviceable to the party who were to remain there; and this service was soon performed. We then faced to the right, and marched toward the town by files till we came to the Plains of Abraham, an even piece of ground which Mr. Wolfe had made choice of, while we stood forming upon the hill. Weather showery. About six o'clock the enemy first made their appearance upon the heights between us and the town, whereupon we halted and wheeled to the right, thereby forming the line of battle. . . .

² This place is now called Wolfe's Cove. It is a few miles above Quebec.

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

The enemy had now likewise formed the line of battle, and got some cannon to play on us, with round and canister shot; but what galled us most was a body of Indians and other marksmen they had concealed in the corn opposite to the front of our right wing, and a coppice that stood opposite to our center inclining toward our left. But Colonel Hale, by Brigadier Monckton's orders, advanced some platoons alternately from the forty-seventh regiment, which after a few rounds obliged these skulkers to retire. We were now ordered to lie down, and remained some time in this position. About eight o'clock we had two pieces of short brass six-pounders playing on the enemy, which threw them into some confusion, and obliged them to alter their disposition; and Montcalm formed them into three large columns. About nine the two armies, moved a little nearer each other. The light calvary made a faint attempt upon our parties at the battery of Sillery, but were soon beat off; and Monsieur de Bougainville, with his troops from Cape Rouge, came down to attack the flank of our second line, hoping to penetrate there. But, by a masterly disposition of Brigadier Townshend, they were forced to desist; and the third battalion of Royal Americans was then detached to the first ground we had formed on after we gained the heights, to preserve the communication with the beach and our boats.

About ten o'clock the enemy began to advance briskly in three columns, with loud shouts and recovered arms, two of them inclining to the left of our army, and the third toward our right, firing obliquely at the two extremities of our line, from the distance of one hundred and thirty, until they

THE VICTORY OF WOLFE AT QUEBEC

came within forty yards, which our troops withstood with the greatest intrepidity and firmness, still reserving their fire and paying the strictest obedience to their officers. This uncommon steadiness, together with the havoc which the grape-shot from our field-pieces made among them, threw them into some disorder, and was most critically maintained by a well-timed, regular, and heavy discharge of our small arms, such as they could no longer oppose. Hereupon they gave way, and fled with precipitation, so that by the time the cloud of smoke was vanished our men were again loaded, and, profiting by the advantage we had over them, pursued them almost to the gates of the town and the bridge over the little river, redoubling our fire with great eagerness, making many officers and men prisoners.

The weather cleared up, with a comfortably warm sunshine. The Highlanders chased them vigorously toward Charles River, and the fifty-eighth to the suburb close to John's gate, until they were checked by the cannon from the two hulks. At the same time a gun which the town had brought to bear upon us with grape-shot galled the progress of the regiments to the right, who were likewise pursuing with equal ardor, while Colonel Hunt Walsh, by a very judicious movement, wheeled the battalions of Bragg and Kennedy to the left, and flanked the coppice where a body of the enemy made a stand as if willing to renew the action; but a few platoons from these corps completed our victory. Then it was that Brigadier Townshend came up, called off the pursuers, ordered the whole line to dress and recover their former ground.

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

Our joy at this success is inexpressibly damped by the loss we sustained of one of the greatest heroes which this or any other age can boast of,—General James Wolfe,—who received his mortal wound as he was exerting himself at the head of the grenadiers of Louisbourg; and Brigadier Monckton was unfortunately wounded upon the left of the forty-third and right of the forty-seventh regiment at much the same time, whereby the command devolved on Brigadier Townshend, who, with Brigadier Murray, went to the head of every regiment and returned thanks for their extraordinary good behavior, congratulating the officers on our success. There is one incident very remarkable, and which I can affirm from my own personal knowledge,—that the enemy were extremely apprehensive of being rigorously treated; for, conscious of their inhuman behavior to our troops upon a former occasion, the officers who fell into our hands most piteously (with hats off) sued for quarter, repeatedly declaring they were not at Fort William Henry (called by them Fort George) in the year 1757.³ A soldier of the Royal Americans who deserted from us this campaign, and fought against us to-day, was found wounded on the field of battle. He was immediately tried by a general court-martial, and was shot to death pursuant to his sentence.

While the two armies were engaged this morning there was an incessant firing between the town and our south batteries. By the time that our

³ The fort at the southern end of Lake George which in August, 1757, the English had been obliged to surrender to the French under Montcalm.

THE VICTORY OF WOLFE AT QUEBEC

troops had taken a little refreshment, a quantity of intrenching tools were brought ashore, and the regiments were employed in redoubting our ground and landing some cannon and ammunition. The officers who are prisoners say that Quebec will surrender in a few days. Some deserters who came out to us in the evening agree in that opinion, and inform us that the *Sieur de Montcalm* is dying, in great agony, of a wound he received to-day in their retreat.

Thus has our late renowned commander by his superior eminence in the art of war, and a most judicious *coup d'état*, made a conquest of this fertile, healthy, and hitherto formidable country, with a handful of troops only, in spite of the political schemes and most vigorous efforts of the famous *Montcalm*, and many other officers of rank and experience at the head of an army considerably more numerous. My pen is too feeble to draw the character of this British Achilles; but the same may, with justice, be said of him as was said of *Henry IV* of France: he was possest of courage, humanity, clemency, generosity, affability, and politeness. . . .

Deserters who are come over to us since the action inform us that it was very difficult to persuade *Monsieur de Montcalm* and the other commanders that the flower of our army were behind the town; and, after the *marquis* had marched his troops over the river *Charles*, and taken a view of us, he said: "They have at last got to the weak side of this miserable garrison. Therefore, we must endeavor to crush them with our numbers, and scalp them all before twelve o'clock." Every coppice, bush, or other cover that stood on our

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

ground this morning were cut down before night, and applied to the use of our new works. The houses were all fortified and several redoubts thrown up round our camp, which is about one thousand yards from the garrison, before ten o'clock. . . .

The Sieur⁴ de Montcalm died late last night. When his wound was drest and he settled in bed, the surgeons who attended him were desired to acquaint him ingenuously with their sentiments of him; and, being answered that his wound was mortal, he calmly replied, "he was glad of it." His Excellency then demanded "whether he could survive it long, and how long." He was told, "About a dozen hours, perhaps more, peradventure less." "So much the better," rejoined this eminent warrior. "I am happy I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec." He then ordered his secretary into the room to adjust his private affairs, which, as soon as they were dispatched, he was visited by Monsieur de Ramsey, the French king's lieutenant, and by other principal officers who desired to receive his Excellency's commands, with the farther measures to be pursued for the defense of Quebec, the capital of Canada. To this the marquis made the following answer: "I'll neither give orders nor interfere any farther. I have much business that must be attended to, of greater moment than your ruined garrison and

⁴ Knox remarks in a foot-note to his narrative: "The appointments of this great man as lieutenant-general and commander-in-chief, etc., did not exceed a thousand sols per day; and I have been credibly informed that all his other emoluments did not amount to more than the like sum—the whole equivalent to about nine hundred and thirty pounds sterling per annum."

THE VICTORY OF WOLFE AT QUEBEC

this wretched country. My time is very short, therefore pray leave me. I wish you all comfort, and to be happily extricated from your present perplexities." He then called for his chaplain, who, with the bishop of the colony, remained with him till he expired. Some time before this great man departed, we are assured he paid us this compliment: "Since it was my misfortune to be discomfited, and mortally wounded, it is a great consolation to me to be vanquished by so brave and generous an enemy. If I could survive this wound, I would engage to beat three times the number of such forces as I commanded this morning with a third of their number of British troops." . . .

After our late worthy general⁵ of renowned memory was carried off wounded to the rear of the front line, he desired those who were about him to lay him down. Being asked if he would have a surgeon, he replied, "It is needless: it is all over with me." One of them then cried out, "They run, see how they run!" "Who runs?" demanded our hero with great earnestness, like a person roused from sleep. The officer answered: "The enemy, sir. Egad, they give way everywhere." Thereupon the general rejoined: "Go, one of you, my lads, to Colonel Burton—; tell him to march Webb's regiment with all speed down to Charles River, to cut off the retreat of the fugitives from the bridge." Then, turning on his side, he added, "Now, God be praised, I will die in peace!" and thus expired.

⁵ Wolfe. . . .

THE STAMP ACT AND ITS REPEAL

(1765)

BY WILLIAM E. H. LECKY, THE
ENGLISH HISTORIAN¹

The Stamp Act, when its ultimate consequences are considered, must be deemed one of the most momentous legislative Acts in the history of mankind; but in England it passed almost completely unnoticed. The Wilkes excitement absorbed public attention, and no English politician appears to have realized the importance of the measure. It is scarcely mentioned in the contemporary correspondence of Horace Walpole, of Grenville, or of Pitt. Burke, who was not yet a member of the House of Commons, afterward declared that he had followed the debate from the gallery, and that he had never heard a more languid one in the House; that not more than two or three gentlemen spoke against the bill; that there was but one division in the whole course of the discussion, and that the minority in that division was not more than thirty-nine or forty. In the House of Lords

¹From Lecky's "American Revolution," the same being chapters taken from his "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," as arranged and edited by J. A. Woodburn and published by D. Appleton & Co. By arrangement with Mrs. Lecky and her late husband's English publishers, Longmans, Green & Co., and with D. Appleton & Co.

THE STAMP ACT AND ITS REPEAL

he could not remember that there had been either a debate or division, and he was certain that there was no protest. . . .

In truth, the measure, altho it was by no means as unjust or as unreasonable as has been alleged, and altho it might perhaps in some periods of colonial history have passed almost unperceived, did unquestionably infringe upon a principle which the English race both at home and abroad have always regarded with a peculiar jealousy. The doctrine that taxation and representation are in free nations inseparably connected, that constitutional government is closely connected with the rights of property, and that no people can be legitimately taxed except by themselves or their representatives, lay at the very root of the English conception of political liberty. The same principle that had led the English people to provide so carefully in the Great Charter, in a well-known statute of Edward I, and in the Bill of Rights, that no taxation should be drawn from them except by the English Parliament; the same principle which had gradually invested the representative branch of the Legislature with the special and peculiar function of granting supplies, led the colonists to maintain that their liberty would be destroyed if they were taxed by a Legislature in which they had no representatives, and which sat 3,000 miles from their shore.

It was a principle which had been respected by Henry VIII and Elizabeth in the most arbitrary moments of their reigns, and its violation by Charles I was one of the chief causes of the rebellion. The principle which led Hampden to refuse to pay 20s. of ship money was substantially

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

the same as that which inspired the resistance to the Stamp Act. . . .

It is quite true that this theory, like that of the social contract, which has also borne a great part in the history of political liberty, will not bear a severe and philosophical examination. The opponents of the American claims were able to reply, with undoubted truth, that at least nine-tenths of the English people had no votes; that the great manufacturing towns, which contributed so largely to the public burdens, were for the most part wholly unrepresented; that the minority in Parliament voted only in order to be systematically overruled; and that, in a country where the constituencies were as unequal as in England, that minority often represented the large majority of the voters. . . .

It was a first principle of the Constitution that a member of Parliament was the representative not merely of his own constituency, but also of the whole Empire. Men connected with, or at least specially interested in the colonies, always found their way into Parliament; and the very fact that the colonial arguments were maintained with transcendent power within its walls was sufficient to show that the colonies were virtually represented.

A Parliament elected by a considerable part of the English people, drawn from the English people, sitting in the midst of them, and exposed to their social and intellectual influence, was assumed to represent the whole nation, and the decision of its majority was assumed to be the decision of the whole. If it be asked how these assumptions could be defended, it can only be answered that

THE STAMP ACT AND ITS REPEAL

they had rendered possible a form of government which had arrested the incursions of the royal prerogative, had given England a longer period and a larger measure of self-government than was enjoyed by any other great European nation, and had created a public spirit sufficiently powerful to defend the liberties that had been won.

Such arguments, however worthless they might appear to a lawyer or a theorist, ought to be very sufficient to a statesman. Manchester and Sheffield had no more direct representation in Parliament than Boston or Philadelphia; but the relations of unrepresented Englishmen and of colonists to the English Parliament were very different. Parliament could never long neglect the fierce beatings of the waves of popular discontent around its walls. It might long continue perfectly indifferent to the wishes of a population 3,000 miles from the English shore. When Parliament taxed the English people, the taxing body itself felt the weight of the burden it imposed; but Parliament felt no part of the weight of colonial taxation, and had therefore a direct interest in increasing it. . . .

The Stamp Act received the royal assent on March 22, 1765, and it was to come into operation on the first of November following. The long delay, which had been granted in the hope that it might lead to some proposal of compromise from America, had been sedulously employed by skilful agitators in stimulating the excitement; and when the news arrived that the Stamp Act had been carried, the train was fully laid, and the indignation of the colonies rose at once into a flame.

A congress of representatives of nine States was

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

held at New York,² and in an extremely able State paper they drew up the case of the colonies. They acknowledged that they owed allegiance to the Crown, and "all due subordination to that august body, the Parliament of Great Britain"; but they maintained that they were entitled to all the inherent rights and liberties of natural-born subjects; "that it is inseparably essential to the freedom of a people, and the undoubted right of Englishmen, that no taxes be imposed on them but with their own consent, given personally or by their representatives"; that the colonists "are not, and from their local circumstances cannot be, represented in the House of Commons of Great Britain"; that the only representatives of the colonies, and therefore the only persons constitutionally competent to tax them were the members chosen in the colonies by themselves; and "that all supplies of the Crown being free gifts from the people, it is unreasonable and inconsistent with the principles and spirit of the British Constitution for the people of Great Britain to grant to his Majesty the property of the colonies." A petition to the King and memorials to both Houses of Parliament were drawn up embodying these views.

It was not, however, only by such legal measures that the opposition was shown. A furious outburst of popular violence speedily showed that it would be impossible to enforce the Act. In Boston, Oliver, the secretary of the province, who had ac-

²The Stamp Act Congress met in what was known afterward as Federal Hall, in Wall Street at the head of Broad Street. From the front of this building Washington, twenty-two years afterward, was inaugurated as President. The site is now occupied by the Sub-treasury Building.

THE STAMP ACT AND ITS REPEAL

cepted the office of stamp distributor, was hung in effigy on a tree in the main street of the town. The building which had been erected as a stamp office was leveled with the dust; the house of Oliver was attacked, plundered, and wrecked, and he was compelled by the mob to resign his office and to swear beneath the tree on which his effigy had been so ignominiously hung, that he never would resume it. A few nights later the riots recommenced with redoubled fury. The houses of two of the leading officials connected with the Admiralty Court and with the Custom-house were attacked and rifled, and the files and records of the Admiralty Court were burned. The mob, intoxicated with the liquors which they had found in one of the cellars they had plundered, next turned to the house of Hutchinson, the Lieutenant-Governor and Chief Justice of the province. Hutchinson was not only the second person in rank in the colony, he was also a man who had personal claims of the highest kind upon his countrymen. . . .

Altho Hutchinson was opposed to the policy of the Stamp Act, the determination with which he acted as Chief Justice in supporting the law soon made him obnoxious to the mob. He had barely time to escape with his family, when his house, which was the finest in Boston, was attacked and destroyed. His plate, his furniture, his pictures, the public documents in his possession, and a noble library which he had spent thirty years in collecting, were plundered and burned.

The flame rapidly spread. In the newly annexed provinces, indeed, and in most of the West India islands, the Act was received without difficulty,

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

but in nearly every American colony those who had consented to be stamp distributors were hung and burned in effigy, and compelled by mob violence to resign their posts. The houses of many who were known to be supporters of the Act or sympathizers with the government were attacked and plundered. Some were compelled to fly from the colonies, and the authority of the Home Government was exposed to every kind of insult. In New York the effigy of the Governor was paraded with that of the devil round the town and then publicly burned, and threatening letters were circulated menacing the lives of those who distributed stamps. . . .

When the 1st of November arrived, the bells were tolled as for the funeral of a nation. The flags were hung half-mast high. The shops were shut, and the Stamp Act was hawked about with the inscription, "The folly of England and the ruin of America." The newspapers were obliged by the new law to bear the stamp, which probably contributed much to the extreme virulence of their opposition, and many of them now appeared with a death's head in the place where the stamp should have been. It was found not only impossible to distribute stamps, but even impossible to keep them in the colonies, for the mob seized on every box which was brought from England and committed it to the flames. Stamps were required for the validity of every legal document, yet in most of the colonies not a single sheet of stamped paper could be found. The law courts were for a time closed, and almost all business was suspended. At last the governors, considering the impossibility of carrying on public business or protecting prop-

THE STAMP ACT AND ITS REPEAL

erty under these conditions, took the law into their own hands, and issued letters authorizing non-compliance with the Act on the ground that it was absolutely impossible to procure the requisite stamps in the colony. . . .

Parliament met on December 17, 1765, and the attitude of the different parties was speedily disclosed. A powerful opposition, led by Grenville and Bedford, strenuously urged that no relaxation or indulgence should be granted to the colonists. In two successive sessions the policy of taxing America had been deliberately affirmed, and if Parliament now suffered itself to be defied or intimidated its authority would be forever at an end. The method of reasoning by which the Americans maintained that they could not be taxed by a Parliament in which they were not represented, might be applied with equal plausibility to the Navigation Act and to every other branch of imperial legislation for the colonies, and it led directly to the disintegration of the Empire. The supreme authority of Parliament chiefly held the different parts of that Empire together. The right of taxation was an essential part of the sovereign power. The colonial constitutions were created by royal charter, and it could not be admitted that the King, while retaining his own sovereignty over certain portions of his dominions, could by a mere exercise of his prerogative withdraw them wholly or in part from the authority of the British Parliament.

It was the right and the duty of the Imperial Legislature to determine in what proportions the different parts of the Empire should contribute to the defense of the whole, and to see that no

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

one part evaded its obligations and unjustly transferred its share to the others. The conduct of the colonies, in the eyes of these politicians, admitted of no excuse or palliation. The disputed right of taxation was established by a long series of legal authorities, and there was no real distinction between internal and external taxation. It now suited the Americans to describe themselves as apostles of liberty, and to denounce England as an oppressor. It was a simple truth that England governed her colonies more liberally than any other country in the world. They were the only existing colonies which enjoyed real political liberty. Their commercial system was more liberal than that of any other colonies. They had attained, under British rule, to a degree of prosperity which was surpassed in no quarter of the globe. England had loaded herself with debt in order to remove the one great danger to their future; she cheerfully bore the whole burden of their protection by sea. At the Peace of Paris she had made their interests the very first object of her policy, and she only asked them in return to bear a portion of the cost of their own defense.

Somewhat more than eight millions of Englishmen were burdened with a national debt of £140,000,000. The united debt of about two millions of Americans was now less than £800,000. The annual sum the colonists were asked to contribute in the form of stamp duties was less than £100,000, with an express provision that no part of that sum should be devoted to any other purpose than the defense and protection of the colonies. And the country which refused to bear this small tax was so rich that in the space of three years it had

THE STAMP ACT AND ITS REPEAL

paid off £1,755,000 of its debt. No demand could be more moderate and equitable than that of England; and amid all the high-sounding declarations that were wafted across the Atlantic, it was not difficult to perceive that the true motive of the resistance was of the vulgarest kind. It was a desire to pay as little as possible; to throw as much as possible upon the mother country.

Nor was the mode of resistance more respectable—the plunder of private houses and custom-houses; mob violence connived at by all classes and perfectly unpunished; agreements of merchants to refuse to pay their private debts in order to attain political ends. If this was the attitude of America within two years of the Peace of Paris, if these were the first fruits of the new sense of security which British triumphs in Canada had given, could it be doubted that concessions would only be the prelude to new demands? Already the Custom-house officers were attacked by the mobs almost as fiercely as the stamp distributors. . . .

These were the chief arguments on the side of the late ministers. Pitt, on the other hand, rose from his sick-bed, and in speeches of extraordinary eloquence, which produced an amazing effect on both sides of the Atlantic, he justified the resistance of the colonists. He stood apart from all parties, and, while he declared that “every capital measure” of the late ministry was wrong, he ostentatiously refused to give his confidence to their successors. He maintained in the strongest terms the doctrine that self-taxation is the essential and discriminating circumstance of political freedom.

The task of the ministers in dealing with this question was extremely difficult. The great ma-

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

jority of them desired ardently the repeal of the Stamp Act; but the wishes of the King, the abstention of Pitt, and the divided condition of parties had compelled Rockingham to include in his Government Charles Townshend, Barrington, and Northington, who were all strong advocates of the taxation of America, and Northington took an early opportunity of delivering an invective against the colonies which seemed specially intended to prolong the exasperation. . . .

The Stamp Act had already produced evils far outweighing any benefits that could flow from it. To enforce it over a vast and thinly populated country, and in the face of the universal and vehement opposition of the people, had proved hitherto impossible, and would always be difficult, dangerous, and disastrous. It might produce rebellion. It would certainly produce permanent and general disaffection, great derangement of commercial relations, a smothered resistance which could only be overcome by a costly and extensive system of coercion. It could not be wise to convert the Americans into a nation of rebels who were only waiting for a European war to throw off their allegiance. Yet this would be the natural and almost inevitable consequence of persisting in the policy of Grenville. . . .

The debates on this theme were among the fiercest and longest ever known in Parliament. The former ministers opposed the repeal at every stage, and most of those who were under the direct influence of the King plotted busily against it. Nearly a dozen members of the King's household, nearly all the bishops, nearly all the Scotch, nearly all the Tories voted against the ministry, and in

THE STAMP ACT AND ITS REPEAL

the very agony of the contest Lord Strange spread abroad the report that he had heard from the King's own lips that the King was opposed to the repeal. Rockingham acted with great decision. He insisted on accompanying Lord Strange into the King's presence, and in obtaining from the King a written paper stating that he was in favor of the repeal rather than the enforcement of the Act, tho he would have preferred its modification to either course. The great and manifest desire of the commercial classes throughout England had much weight; the repeal was carried through the House of Commons, brought up by no less than 200 members to the Lords, and finally carried amid the strongest expressions of public joy. Burke described it as "an event that caused more universal joy throughout the British dominions than perhaps any other that can be remembered."

DANIEL BOONE'S MIGRATION TO KENTUCKY

(1769—1775)

I

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT¹

The American backwoodsmen had surged up, wave upon wave, till their mass trembled in the troughs of the Alleghanies, ready to flood the continent beyond. The people threatened by them were dimly conscious of the danger which as yet only loomed in the distance. Far off, among their quiet adobe villages, in the sun-scorched lands by the Rio Grande, the slow Indo-Iberian peons and their monkish masters still walked in the tranquil steps of their fathers, ignorant of the growth of the power that was to overwhelm their children and successors; but nearer by, Spaniard and Creole Frenchman, Algonquin and Appalachian, were all uneasy as they began to feel the first faint pressure of the American advance.

As yet they had been shielded by the forest which lay over the land like an unrent mantle. All through the mountains, and far beyond, it stretched without a break; but toward the mouth of the Kentucky and Cumberland rivers the landscape became varied with open groves of woodland, with flower-strewn glades and great barrens or prairies

¹ From Roosevelt's "Winning of the West." By permission of the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons. Copyright, 1889.

BOONE'S MIGRATION TO KENTUCKY

of long grass. This region, one of the fairest in the world, was the debatable ground between the northern and the southern Indians. Neither dared dwell therein, but both used it as their hunting-grounds; and it was traversed from end to end by the well-marked war traces which they followed when they invaded each other's territory. The whites, on trying to break through the barrier which hemmed them in from the western lands, naturally succeeded best when pressing along the line of least resistance; and so their first great advance was made in this debatable land, where the uncertainly defined hunting-grounds of the Cherokee, Creek, and Chickasaw marched upon those of Northern Algonquin and Wyandot.

Unknown and unnamed hunters and Indian traders had from time to time pushed some little way into the wilderness; and they had been followed by others of whom we do indeed know the names, but little more. One explorer had found and named the Cumberland River and mountains, and the great pass called Cumberland Gap. Others had gone far beyond the utmost limits this man had reached, and had hunted in the great bend of the Cumberland and in the woodland region of Kentucky, famed among the Indians for the abundance of the game. But their accounts excited no more than a passing interest; they came and went without comment, as lonely stragglers had come and gone for nearly a century. The backwoods civilization crept slowly westward without being influenced in its movements by their explorations.

Finally, however, among these hunters one arose whose wanderings were to bear fruit; who

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

was destined to lead through the wilderness the first body of settlers that ever established a community in the Far West, completely cut off from the seaboard colonies. This was Daniel Boone. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1734, but when only a boy had been brought with the rest of his family to the banks of the Yadkin in North Carolina. Here he grew up, and as soon as he came of age he married, built a log hut, and made a clearing, whereon to farm like the rest of his backwoods neighbors. They all tilled their own clearings, guiding the plow among the charred stumps left when the trees were chopped down and the land burned over, and they were all, as a matter of course, hunters. With Boone hunting and exploration were passions, and the lonely life of the wilderness, with its bold, wild freedom, the only existence for which he really cared. He was a tall, spare, sinewy man, with eyes like an eagle's, and muscles that never tired; the toil and hardship of his life made no impress on his iron frame, unhurt by intemperance of any kind, and he lived for eighty-six years, a backwoods hunter to the end of his days. His thoughtful, quiet, pleasant face, so often portrayed, is familiar to every one; it was the face of a man who never blustered or bullied, who would neither inflict nor suffer any wrong, and who had a limitless fund of fortitude, endurance, and indomitable resolution upon which to draw when fortune proved adverse. His self-command and patience, his daring, restless love of adventure, and, in time of danger, his absolute trust in his own powers and resources, all combined to render him peculiarly fitted to follow the career of which he was so fond.

BOONE'S MIGRATION TO KENTUCKY

Boone hunted on the western waters at an early date. In the valley of Boone's Creek, a tributary of the Watauga, there is a beech-tree still standing, on which can be faintly traced an inscription setting forth that "D. Boone cilled a bar on (this) tree in the year 1760." On the expeditions of which this is the earliest record he was partly hunting on his own account, and partly exploring on behalf of another, Richard Henderson. Henderson was a prominent citizen of North Carolina, a speculative man of great ambition and energy. He stood high in the colony, was extravagant and fond of display, and his fortune being jeopardized he hoped to more than retrieve it by going into speculations in western lands on an unheard-of scale; for he intended to try to establish on his own account a great proprietary colony beyond the mountains. He had great confidence in Boone; and it was his backing which enabled the latter to turn his discoveries to such good account.

Boone's claim to distinction rests not so much on his wide wanderings in unknown lands, for in this respect he did little more than was done by a hundred other backwoods hunters of his generation, but on the fact that he was able to turn his daring woodcraft to the advantage of his fellows. As he himself said, he was an instrument "ordained of God to settle the wilderness." He inspired confidence in all who met him, so that the men of means and influence were willing to trust adventurous enterprises to his care; and his success as an explorer, his skill as a hunter, and his prowess as an Indian fighter, enabled him to bring these enterprises to a successful conclusion, and

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

in some degree to control the wild spirits associated with him.

Boone's expeditions into the edges of the wilderness whetted his appetite for the unknown. He had heard of great hunting-grounds in the far interior from a stray hunter and Indian trader, who had himself seen them, and on May 1, 1769, he left his home on the Yadkin "to wander through the wilderness of America in quest of the country of Kentucky. He was accompanied by five other men, including his informant, and struck out toward the northwest, through the tangled mass of rugged mountains and gloomy forests. During five weeks of severe toil the little band journeyed through vast solitudes, whose utter loneliness can with difficulty be understood by those who have not themselves dwelt and hunted in primeval mountain forests. Then, early in June, the adventurers broke through the interminable wastes of dim woodland, and stood on the threshold of the beautiful blue-grass region of Kentucky; a land of running waters, of groves and glades, of prairies, cane-brakes, and stretches of lofty forest. It was teeming with game. The shaggy-maned herds of unwieldly buffalo—the bison as they should be called—had beaten out broad roads through the forest, and had furrowed the prairies with trails along which they had traveled for countless generations. The round-horned elk, with spreading, massive antlers, the lordliest of the deer tribe throughout the world, abounded, and like the buffalo traveled in bands not only through the woods but also across the reaches of waving grass land. The deer were extraordinarily numerous, and so were bears, while wolves and

BOONE'S MIGRATION TO KENTUCKY

panthers were plentiful. Wherever there was a salt spring the country was fairly thronged with wild beasts of many kinds. For six months Boone and his companions enjoyed such hunting as had hardly fallen to men of their race since the Germans came out of the Hercynian forest.

In December, however, they were attacked by Indians. Boone and a companion were captured; and when they escaped they found their camp broken up, and the rest of the party scattered and gone home. About this time they were joined by Squire Boone, the brother of the great hunter, and himself a woodsman of but little less skill, together with another adventurer; the two had traveled through the immense wilderness, partly to explore it and partly with the hope of finding the original adventurers, which they finally succeeded in doing more by good luck than design. Soon afterward Boone's companion in his first short captivity was again surprized by the Indians, and this time was slain—the first of the thousands of human beings with whose life-blood Kentucky was bought. The attack was entirely unprovoked. The Indians had wantonly shed the first blood. The land belonged to no one tribe, but was hunted over by all, each feeling jealous of every other intruder; they attacked the whites, not because the whites had wronged them, but because their invariable policy was to kill any strangers on any grounds over which they themselves ever hunted, no matter what man had the best right thereto. The Kentucky hunters were promptly taught that in this no-man's land, teeming with game and lacking even a solitary human habitation, every Indian must be regarded as a foe.

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

The man who had accompanied Squire Boone was terrified by the presence of the Indians, and now returned to the settlements. The two brothers remained alone on their hunting-grounds throughout the winter, living in a little cabin. About the first of May Squire set off alone to the settlements to procure horses and ammunition. For three months Daniel Boone remained absolutely alone in the wilderness, without salt, sugar, or flour, and without the companionship of so much as a horse or a dog. But the solitude-loving hunter, dauntless and self-reliant, enjoyed to the full his wild, lonely life; he passed his days hunting and exploring, wandering hither and thither over the country, while at night he lay off in the canebrakes or thickets, without a fire, so as not to attract the Indians. Of the latter he saw many signs, and they sometimes came to his camp, but his sleepless wariness enabled him to avoid capture.

Late in July his brother returned, and met him according to appointment at the old camp. Other hunters also now came into the Kentucky wilderness, and Boone joined a small party of them for a short time. Such a party of hunters is always glad to have anything wherewith to break the irksome monotony of the long evenings passed round the camp fire; and a book or a greasy pack of cards was as welcome in a camp of Kentucky riflemen in 1770 as it is to a party of Rocky Mountain hunters in 1888. Boone has recorded in his own quaint phraseology an incident of his life during this summer, which shows how eagerly such a little band of frontiersmen read a book, and how real its characters became to their minds. He was encamped with five other men on Red

BOONE'S MIGRATION TO KENTUCKY

River, and they had with them for their "amusement the history of Samuel Gulliver's travels, wherein he gave an account of his young master, Glumdelick, careing [sic] him on a market day for a show to a town called Lulbegrud." In the party who, amid such strange surroundings, read and listened to Dean Swift's writings was a young man named Alexander Neely. One night he came into camp with two Indian scalps, taken from a Shawnese village he had found on a creek running into the river; and he announced to the circle of grim wilderness veterans that "he had been that day to Lulbegrud, and had killed two Brobdignags in their capital." To this day the creek by which the two luckless Shawnees lost their lives is known as Lulbegrud Creek.

Soon after this encounter the increasing danger from the Indians drove Boone back to the valley of the Cumberland River, and in the spring of 1771 he returned to his home on the Yadkin.

A couple of years before Boone went to Kentucky, Steiner, or Stoner, and Harrod, two hunters from Pittsburgh, who had passed through the Illinois, came down to hunt in the bend of the Cumberland, where Nashville now stands; they found vast numbers of buffalo, and killed a great many, especially around the licks, where the huge clumsy beasts had fairly destroyed most of the forest, treading down the young trees and bushes till the ground was left bare or covered with a rich growth of clover. The bottoms and the hollows between the hills were thickset with cane. Sycamore grew in the low ground, and toward the Mississippi were to be found the persimmon and cottonwood. Sometimes the forest was open

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

and composed of huge trees; elsewhere it was of thicker, smaller growth. Everywhere game abounded, and it was nowhere very wary.

Other hunters of whom we know even the names of only a few, had been through many parts of the wilderness before Boone, and earlier still Frenchmen had built forts and smelting furnaces on the Cumberland, the Tennessee, and the head tributaries of the Kentucky. Boone is interesting as a leader and explorer; but he is still more interesting as a type. The west was neither discovered, won, nor settled by any single man. No keen-eyed statesman planned the movement, nor was it carried out by any great military leader; it was the work of a whole people, of whom each man was impelled mainly by sheer love of adventure; it was the outcome of the ceaseless strivings of all the dauntless, restless backwoods folk to win homes for their descendants and to each penetrate deeper than his neighbors into the remote forest hunting-grounds where the perilous pleasures of the chase and of war could be best enjoyed. We owe the conquest of the west to all the backwoodsmen, not to any solitary individual among them; where all alike were strong and daring there was no chance for any single man to rise to unquestioned preeminence.

BOONE'S MIGRATION TO KENTUCKY

II

BOONE'S OWN ACCOUNT¹

It was on the first of May, in the year 1769, that I resigned my domestic happiness for a time, and left my family and peaceable habitation on the Yadkin River, in North Carolina, to wander through the wilderness of America, in quest of the country of Kentucky, in company with John Finley, John Stewart, Joseph Holden, James Monay, and William Cool.

We proceeded successfully, and after a long and tiresome journey through a mountainous wilderness, in a westward direction, on the seventh day of June following, we found ourselves on Red River, where John Finley had formerly gone trading with the Indians; and, from the top of an eminence, saw with pleasure the beautiful level of Kentucky.

We found everywhere abundance of wild beasts of all sorts, through this vast forest. The buffalo were more frequent than I have seen cattle in the settlements, browsing on the leaves of the cane, or cropping the herbage on those extensive plains, fearless, because ignorant of the violence of man. Sometimes we saw hundreds in a drove, and the numbers about the salt springs were amazing.

¹ Boone wrote this account many years after his migration. As his education was extremely limited, the article was put into literary form by a friend. Boone, in 1773, made the first white settlement west of the Alleghanies. His account is printed in Hart's "Source Book of American History."

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

As we ascended the brow of a small hill, near Kentucky River, a number of Indians rushed out of a thick cane-brake upon us, and made us prisoners. The time of our sorrow was now arrived, and the scene fully opened. They plundered us of what we had, and kept us in confinement seven days, treating us with common savage usage. During this time we showed no uneasiness or desire to escape, which made them less suspicious of us. But in the dead of night, as we lay in a thick cane-brake by a large fire, when sleep had locked up their senses, my situation not disposing me for rest, I touched my companion and gently woke him.

We improved this favorable opportunity, and departed, leaving them to take their rest, and speedily directed our course toward our old camp, but found it plundered, and the company dispersed and gone home.

Soon after this my companion in captivity, John Stewart, was killed by the savages, and the man that came with my brother returned home by himself. We were then in a dangerous, helpless situation, exposed daily to perils and death among savages and wild beasts, not a white man in the country but ourselves.

One day I undertook a tour through the country, and the diversity and beauties of nature I met with in this charming season expelled every gloomy and vexatious thought. I laid me down to sleep, and I awoke not until the sun had chased away the night. I continued this tour, and in a few days explored a considerable part of the country, each day equally pleased as the first.

I returned again to my old camp, which was not

BOONE'S MIGRATION TO KENTUCKY

disturbed in my absence. I did not confine my lodging to it, but often reposed in thick canebrakes to avoid the savages, who, I believe, often visited my camp, but fortunately for me, in my absence. In this situation I was constantly exposed to danger and death. How unhappy such a situation for a man! Tormented with fear, which is vain if no danger comes. The prowling wolves diverted my nocturnal hours with perpetual howlings.

In 1772 I returned safe to my old home, and found my family in happy circumstances. I sold my farm on the Yadkin, and what goods we could not carry with us; and on the twenty-fifth day of September, 1773, bade a farewell to our friends and proceeded on our journey to Kentucky, in company with five families more, and forty men that joined us in Powel's Valley, which is one hundred and fifty miles from the now settled parts of Kentucky.

This promising beginning was soon overcast with a cloud of adversity; for upon the tenth day of October the rear of our company was attacked by a number of Indians, who killed six and wounded one man. Of these my eldest son was one that fell in the action.

Tho we defended ourselves, and repulsed the enemy, yet this unhappy affair scattered our cattle, brought us into extreme difficulty, and so discouraged the whole company that we retreated forty miles to the settlement on Clinch River.

Within fifteen miles of where Boonsborough now stands we were fired upon by a party of Indians that killed two and wounded two of our number; yet altho surprized and taken at a dis-

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

advantage, we stood our ground. This was on the twentieth of March, 1775.

Three days after we were fired upon again, and had two men killed and three wounded. Afterward we proceeded on to Kentucky River without opposition; and on the first day of April began to erect the fort of Boonsborough at a salt lick, about sixty yards from the river, on the south side. On the fourth day the Indians killed one man.

In a short time I proceeded to remove my family from Clench to this garrison, where we arrived safe without any other difficulties than such as are common to this passage, my wife and daughter being the first white women that ever stood on the banks of Kentucky River. On the twenty-fourth day of December following we had one man killed and one wounded by the Indians, who seemed determined to persecute us for erecting this fortification.

On the fourteenth day of July, 1776, two of Colonel Calaway's daughters and one of mine were taken prisoners near the fort. I immediately pursued the Indians, with only eight men, and on the sixteenth overtook them, killed two of the party and recovered the girls. The same day on which this attempt was made the Indians divided themselves into different parties and attacked several forts, which were shortly before this time erected, doing a great deal of mischief. This was extremely distressing to the new settlers. The innocent husbandman was shot down while busy in cultivating the soil for his family's supply. Most of the cattle around the stations were destroyed. They continued their hostilities in this manner until the fifteenth of April, 1777, when

BOONE'S MIGRATION TO KENTUCKY

they attacked Boonsborough with a party of above one hundred in number, killed one man and wounded four. Their loss in this attack was not certainly known to us.

On the fourth day of July following a party of about two hundred Indians attacked Boonsborough, killed one man and wounded two. They besieged us forty-eight hours; during which time seven of them were killed, and finding themselves not likely to prevail, they raised the siege and departed.

The Indians had disposed their warriors in different parties at this time and attacked the different garrisons to prevent their assisting each other, and did much injury to the inhabitants.

On the nineteenth day of this month Colonel Logan's fort was besieged by a party of about two hundred Indians. During this dreadful siege they did a great deal of mischief, distressed the garrison, in which were only fifteen men, killed two and wounded one.

This campaign in some measure damped the spirits of the Indians, and made them sensible of our superiority. Their connections were dissolved, their armies scattered, and a future invasion put entirely out of their power; yet they continued to practise mischief secretly upon the inhabitants, in the exposed parts of the country.

In October following a party made an excursion into that district called the Crab Orchard, and one of them, who was advanced some distance before the others, boldly entered the house of a poor defenseless family, in which was only a negro man, a woman and her children, terrified with the apprehensions of immediate death. The savage, perceiving their defenseless situation, without offering

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

violence to the family, attempted to captivate the negro, who happily proved an overmatch for him, threw him on the ground, and, in the struggle, the mother of the children drew an ax from a corner of the cottage and cut his head off, while her little daughter shut the door. The savages instantly appeared, and applied their tomahawks to the door. An old rusty gun-barrel, without a lock, lay in a corner, which the mother put through a small crevice, and the savages, perceiving it, fled. In the mean time the alarm spread through the neighborhood; the armed men collected immediately, and pursued the ravagers into the wilderness. Thus Providence, by the means of this negro, saved the whole of the poor family from destruction. From that time until the happy return of peace between the United States and Great Britain the Indians did us no mischief.

To conclude, I can now say that I have verified the saying of an old Indian who signed Colonel Henderson's deed. Taking me by the hand, at the delivery thereof, Brother, says he, we have given you a fine land, but I believe you will have much trouble in settling it. My footsteps have often been marked with blood, and therefore I can truly subscribe to its original name. Two darling sons, and a brother, have I lost by savage hands, which have also taken from me forty valuable horses and abundance of cattle. Many dark and sleepless nights have I been a companion for owls, separated from the cheerful society of men, scorched by the summer's sun, and pinched by the winter's cold, an instrument ordained to settle the wilderness. But now the scene is changed: peace crowns the sylvan shade.

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY

(1773)

I

BY GEORGE BANCROFT¹

On Sunday, November 28th, the ship *Dartmouth* appeared in Boston harbor with one hundred fourteen chests of the East India Company's tea. . . . Faneuil Hall could not contain the people that poured in on Monday. On the motion of Samuel Adams, who entered fully into the question, the assembly, composed of upward of five thousand persons, resolved unanimously that "the tea should be sent back to the place from whence it came at all events, and that no duty should be paid on it." "The only way to get rid of it," said Young, "is to throw it overboard." The consignees asked for time to prepare their answer; and "out of great tenderness" the body postponed receiving it to the next morning. Meantime the owner and master of the ship were converted and forced to promise not to land the tea. A watch was also proposed. "I," said Hancock,² "will be one of it, rather than that there should be none," and a party

¹ From Bancroft's "History of the United States." Published by D. Appleton & Co.

² John Hancock, afterward President of the Continental Congress.

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

of twenty-five persons, under the orders of Edward Proctor as its captain, was appointed to guard the tea-ship during the night. The next morning the consignees jointly gave as their answer: "It is utterly out of our power to send back the teas; but we now declare to you our readiness to store them until we shall receive further directions from our constituents"; that is, until they could notify the British Government. The wrath of the meeting was kindling, when the sheriff of Suffolk entered with a proclamation from the Governor, "warning, exhorting, and requiring them, and each of them there unlawfully assembled, forthwith to disperse, and to surcease all further unlawful proceedings, at their utmost peril." The words were received with hisses, derision, and a unanimous vote not to disperse. "Will it be safe for the consignees to appear in the meeting?" asked Copley; and all with one voice responded that they might safely come and return; but they refused to appear.

In the afternoon Rotch, the owner, and Hall, the master, of the *Dartmouth*, yielding to an irresistible impulse, engaged that the tea should return as it came, without touching land or paying a duty. A similar promise was exacted of the owners of the other tea-ships whose arrival was daily expected. In this way "it was thought the matter would have ended." "I should be willing to spend my fortune and life itself in so good a cause," said Hancock, and this sentiment was general; they all voted "to carry their resolutions into effect at the risk of their lives and property."

Every shipowner was forbidden, on pain of being deemed an enemy to the country, to import

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY

or bring as freight any tea from Great Britain till the unrighteous act taxing it should be repealed, and this vote was printed and sent to every seaport in the province and to England. . . .

The ships, after landing the rest of their cargo, could neither be cleared in Boston with the tea on board nor be entered in England, and on the twentieth day from their arrival would be liable to seizure. "They find themselves," said Hutchinson,³ "involved in invincible difficulties." Meantime in private letters he advised to separate Boston from the rest of the province; and to begin criminal prosecutions against its patriot sons.

The spirit of the people rose with the emergency. Two more tea-ships which arrived were directed to anchor by the side of the *Dartmouth* at Griffin's wharf, that one guard might serve for all. . . .

On Saturday, the 11th, Rotch, the owner of the *Dartmouth*, is summoned before the Boston committee with Samuel Adams in the chair, and asked why he has not kept his engagement to take his vessel and the tea back to London within twenty days of its arrival. He pleaded that it was out of his power. "The ship must go," was the answer; "the people of Boston and the neighboring towns absolutely require and expect it"; and they bade him ask for a clearance and pass, with proper witnesses of his demand. "Were it mine," said a leading merchant, "I would certainly send it back." Hutchinson acquainted Admiral Montagu with what was passing; on which the *Active* and the

³ Hutchinson was the Royal Governor of Massachusetts Province.

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

Kingfisher, tho they had been laid up for the winter, were sent to guard the passages out of the harbor. At the same time orders were given by the Governor to load guns at the Castle, so that no vessel, except coasters, might go to sea without a permit. He had no thought of what was to happen; the wealth of Hancock, Phillips, Rowe, Dennie, and so many other men of property seemed to him a security against violence; and he flattered himself that he had increased the perplexities of the committee.

The line of policy adopted was, if possible, to get the tea carried back to London uninjured in the vessel in which it came. A meeting of the people on Tuesday afternoon directed and, as it were, "compelled" Rotch, the owner of the *Dartmouth*, to apply for a clearance. At ten o'clock on the 15th Rotch was escorted by his witnesses to the custom-house, where the collector and comptroller unequivocally and finally refused to grant his ship a clearance till it should be discharged of the teas.

Hutchinson began to clutch at victory; "for," said he, "it is notorious the ship can not pass the Castle without a permit from me, and that I shall refuse." . . .

The morning of Thursday, December 16, 1773, dawned upon Boston, a day by far the most momentous in its annals. Beware, little town; count the cost, and know well, if you dare defy the wrath of Great Britain, and if you love exile and poverty and death rather than submission. The town of Portsmouth held its meeting on that morning, and, with six only protesting, its people adopted the principles of Philadelphia, appointed their

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY

committee of correspondence, and resolved to make common cause with the colonies. At ten o'clock the people of Boston, with at least two thousand men from the country, assembled in the Old South. A report was made that Rotch had been refused a clearance from the collector. "Then," said they to him, "protest immediately against the custom-house, and apply to the Governor for his pass, so that your vessel may this very day proceed on her voyage for London."

The Governor had stolen away to his country house at Milton. Bidding Rotch make all haste, the meeting adjourned to three in the afternoon. At that hour Rotch had not returned. It was incidentally voted, as other towns had already done, to abstain totally from the use of tea; and every town was advised to appoint its committee of inspection, to prevent the detested tea from coming within any of them. . . . The whole assembly of seven thousand voted unanimously that the tea should not be landed.

It had been dark for more than an hour. The church in which they met was dimly lighted, when at a quarter before six Rotch appeared, and satisfied the people by relating that the Governor had refused him a pass, because his ship was not properly cleared. As soon as he had finished his report, Samuel Adams rose and gave the word: "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country." On the instant a shout was heard at the porch; the war-whoop resounded; a body of men, forty or fifty in number, disguised as Indians, passed by the door, and, encouraged by Samuel Adams, Hancock, and others, repaired to Griffin's wharf, posted guards to prevent the intrusion of spies,

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

took possession of the three tea-ships, and in about three hours three hundred forty chests of tea, being the whole quantity that had been imported, were emptied into the bay without the least injury to other property. "All things were conducted with great order, decency, and perfect submission to Government." The people around, as they looked on, were so still that the noise of breaking open the tea-chests was plainly heard. A delay of a few hours would have placed the tea under the protection of the Admiral at the Castle. After the work was done the town became as still and calm as if it had been holy time. The men from the country that very night carried back the great news to their villages.

The next morning the committee of correspondence appointed Samuel Adams and four others to draw up a declaration of what had been done. They sent Paul Revere as express with the information to New York and Philadelphia.

The height of joy that sparkled in the eyes and animated the countenances and the hearts of the patriots as they met one another is unimaginable. The Governor, meantime, was consulting his books and his lawyers to make out that the resolves of the meeting were treasonable. Threats were muttered of arrests, of executions, of transportation of the accused to England; while the committee of correspondence pledged themselves to support and vindicate each other and all persons who had shared in their effort. The country was united with the town, and the colonies with one another more firmly than ever. . . .

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY

II

GOVERNOR HUTCHINSON'S ACCOUNT¹

The Governor was unable to judge what would be the next step. The secretary had informed him in the hearing of the deputy secretary, that, if the Governor should refuse a pass, he would demand it himself, at the head of one hundred and fifty men, etc.; and he was not without apprehensions of a further application. But he was relieved from his suspense, the same evening, by intelligence from town of the total destruction of the tea.

It was not expected that the Governor would comply with the demand; and, before it was possible for the owner of the ship to return from the country with an answer, about fifty men had prepared themselves, and passed by the house where the people were assembled to the wharf where the vessels lay, being covered with blankets, and making the appearance of Indians. The body of the people remained until they had received the Governor's answer; and then, after it had been observed to them that, everything else in their power having been done, it now remained to proceed in the only way left, and that, the owner of

¹From Hutchinson's "History of Massachusetts Bay." Hutchinson's position has awakened much sympathy. Altho Governor of the province, and thus under the necessity of enforcing orders received from England, he was a native of Boston and a graduate of Harvard. His "History" has been much read and admired for its fair and temperate spirit. Especially valuable are the portraits he gives of his contemporaries, "the men who bore him down after the fiercest possible struggle."

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

the ship having behaved like a man of honor, no injury ought to be offered to his person or property, the meeting was declared to be dissolved, and the body of the people repaired to the wharf, and surrounded the immediate actors, as a guard and security, until they had finished their work. In two or three hours they hoisted out of the holes of the ships three hundred and forty-two chests of tea, and emptied them into the sea.

The Governor was unjustly censured by many people in the province, and much abused by the pamphlet and newspaper writers in England for refusing his pass, which, it was said, would have saved the property thus destroyed; but he would have been justly censured if he had granted it. He was bound, as all the king's governors were, by oath, faithfully to observe the acts of trade, and to do his endeavor that the statute of King William, which establishes a custom-house, and is particularly mentioned in the oath, be carried into execution. His granting a pass to a vessel which had not cleared at the custom-house would have been a direct violation of his oath, by making himself an accessory in the breach of those laws which he had sworn to observe. It was out of his power to have prevented this mischief without the most imminent hazard of much greater mischief. The tea could have been secured in the town in no other way than by landing marines from the men of war, or bringing to town the regiment which was at the castle, to remove the guards from the ships, and to take their places. This would have brought on a greater convulsion than there was any danger of in 1770, and it would not have been possible, when two regiments were forced out of

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY

town, for so small a body of troops to have kept possession of the place. Such a measure the Governor had no reason to suppose would have been approved of in England. . . .

Notwithstanding the forlorn state he was in, he thought it necessary to keep up some show of authority, and caused a council to be summoned to meet at Boston the day after the destruction of the tea, and went to town himself to be present at it; but a quorum did not attend. The people had not fully recovered from the state of mind which they were in the preceding night. Great pains had been taken to persuade them that the obstruction they had met with, which finally brought on the loss of the tea, were owing to his influence; and, being urged to it by his friends, he left the town, and lodged that night at the castle, under pretense of a visit to his sons, who were confined there with the other consignees of the tea. Failing in an attempt for a council the next day at Milton, he met them, three days after, at Cambridge, where they were much divided in their opinion. One of them declared against any step whatever. The people, he said, had taken the powers of government into their hands,—any attempt to restrain them would only enrage them, and render them more desperate; while another observed that, having done everything else in their power to prevent the tea from being landed, and all to no purpose, they had been driven to the necessity of destroying it, as a less evil than submission to the duty. So many of the actors and abettors were universally known that a proclamation, with a reward for discovery, would have been ridiculed. The attorney-general, therefore, was

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

ordered to lay the matter before the grand jury, who, there was no room to expect, would ever find a bill for what they did not consider as an offense. This was the boldest stroke which had yet been struck in America.

PATRICK HENRY'S CALL TO ARMS

(1775)

BY WILLIAM WIRT¹

On Monday, the 20th of March, 1775, the convention of delegates, from the several counties and corporations of Virginia, met for the second time. This assembly was held in the old church in the town of Richmond. Mr. Henry was a member of that body also. The reader will bear in mind the tone of the instructions given by the convention of the preceding year to their deputies in Congress. He will remember that, while they recite with great feeling the series of grievances under which the colonies had labored, and insist with firmness on their constitutional rights, they give, nevertheless, the most explicit and solemn pledge of their faith and true allegiance to his Majesty King George III., and avow their determination to support him with their lives and fortunes, in the legal exercise of all his just rights and prerogatives. He will remember, that these instructions contain also an expression of their sincere approbation of a connection with Great Britain, and their ardent wishes for a return of that friendly intercourse from which this country had derived so much prosperity and happiness. These sentiments still influenced many of the leading mem-

¹ From Wirt's "Life of Patrick Henry."

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

bers of the convention of 1775. They could not part with the fond hope that those peaceful days would again return which had shed so much light and warmth over the land; and the report of the king's gracious reception of the petition from Congress tended to cherish and foster that hope, and to render them averse to any means of violence.

But Mr. Henry saw things with a steadier eye and a deeper insight. His judgment was too solid to be duped by appearances; and his heart too firm and manly to be amused by false and flattering hopes. He had long since read the true character of the British court, and saw that no alternative remained for his country but abject submission or heroic resistance. It was not for a soul like Henry's to hesitate between these courses. He had offered upon the altar of liberty no divided heart. The gulf of war which yawned before him was indeed fiery and fearful; but he saw that the awful plunge was inevitable. The body of the convention, however, hesitated. They cast around "a longing, lingering look" on those flowery fields on which peace, and ease, and joy, were still sporting; and it required all the energies of a Mentor like Henry to push them from the precipice, and conduct them over the stormy sea of the revolution, to liberty and glory. . . .

His was a spirit fitted to raise the whirlwind, as well as to ride in and direct it. His was that comprehensive view, that unerring prescience, that perfect command over the actions of men, which qualified him not merely to guide, but almost to create the destinies of nations.

He rose at this time with a majesty unusual to

PATRICK HENRY'S CALL TO ARMS

him in an exordium, and with all that self-possession by which he was so invariably distinguished. "No man," he said, "thought more highly than he did of the patriotism, as well as abilities, of the very worthy gentlemen who had just address the house. But different men often saw the same subject in different lights; and, therefore, he hoped it would not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen, if, entertaining as he did, opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, he should speak forth his sentiments freely, and without reserve. "This," he said, "was no time for ceremony. The question before this house was one of awful moment to the country. For his own part, he considered it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery. And in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of the debate. It was only in this way that they could hope to arrive at truth, and fulfil the great responsibility which they held to God and their country. Should he keep back his opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offense, he should consider himself as guilty of treason toward his country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the majesty of heaven, which he revered above all earthly kings."

"Mr. President," said he, "it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth—and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this," he asked, "the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Were we disposed to be of the number of those, who having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For his part, whatever an-

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

guish of spirit it might cost, he was willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it."

"He had," he said, "but one lamp by which his feet were guided; and that was the lamp of experience. He knew of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, he wished to know what there had been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen had been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation—the last arguments to which kings resort.

"I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument?

PATRICK HENRY'S CALL TO ARMS

Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned—we have remonstrated—we have supplicated—we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight!—I repeat it, sir, we must fight!! An appeal to arms and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us!”

“They tell us, sir,” continued Mr. Henry, “that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger. Will it be the next week or the next year? Will it

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of these means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come!! I repeat it, sir, let it come!!!

“It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms!² Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be pur-

² Henry's speech was made on March 20; the battle of Lexington followed on the 19th of April.

PATRICK HENRY'S CALL TO ARMS

chased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God—I know not what course others may take; but as for me,” cried he, with both his arms extended aloft, his brows knit, every feature marked with the resolute purpose of his soul, and his voice swelled to its boldest note of exclamation—“give me liberty, or give me death!”

He took his seat. No murmur of applause was heard. The effect was too deep. After the trance of a moment, several members started from their seats. The cry, “to arms!” seemed to quiver on every lip, and gleam from every eye. Richard H. Lee³ arose and supported Mr. Henry, with his usual spirit and elegance. But his melody was lost amid the agitations of that ocean, which the master-spirit of the storm had lifted up on high. That supernatural voice still sounded in their ears, and shivered along their arteries. They heard, in every pause, the cry of liberty or death. They became impatient of speech—their souls were on fire for action.

³ The father of “Light-Horse Harry” Lee, who was the father of General Robert E. Lee of the Civil War.

LEXINGTON, CONCORD AND BUNKER HILL

(1775)

I

BY WILLIAM E. H. LECKY¹

On the night of April 18, 1775, General Gage sent about 800 soldiers to capture a magazine of stores which had been collected for the use of the provincial army in the town of Concord, about eighteen miles from Boston. The road lay through the little village of Lexington, where, about five o'clock on the morning of the 19th, the advance guard of the British found a party of sixty or seventy armed volunteers drawn up to oppose them, on a green beside the road. They refused when summoned to disperse, and the English at once fired a volley, which killed or wounded sixteen of their number. The detachment then proceeded to Concord, where it succeeded in spiking two cannon, casting into the river five hundred pounds of ball and sixty barrels of powder, and destroying a large quantity of flour, and it then prepared to return. The alarm had, however, now been given; the whole country was roused. Great bodies of yeomen and militia flocked in to the as-

¹ From Lecky's "American Revolution." Published by D. Appleton & Co. By arrangement with Mrs. Lecky and her late husband's English publishers, Longmans, Green & Co., and with D. Appleton & Co.

LEXINGTON AND BUNKER HILL

sistance of the provincials. From farm-houses and hedges, and from the shelter of stone walls, bullets poured upon the tired retreating troops, and a complete disaster would probably have occurred had they not been reenforced at Lexington by 900 men and two cannon under Lord Percy. As it was the British lost 65 killed, 180 wounded, and 28 made prisoners, while the American loss was less than 90 men.

The whole province was now in arms. The Massachusetts Congress at once resolved that the New England army should be raised to 30,000 men, and thousands of brave and ardent yeomen were being rapidly drilled into good soldiers. The American camp at Cambridge contained many experienced soldiers who had learnt their profession in the great French war, and very many others who in the ranks of the militia had already acquired the rudiments of military knowledge, and even when they had no previous training, the recruits were widely different from the rude peasants who filled the armies of England. As an American military writer truly said, the middle and lower classes in England, owing to the operation of the game laws, and to the circumstances of their lives, were in general almost as ignorant of the use of a musket as of the use of a catapult. The New England yeomen were accustomed to firearms from their childhood; they were invariably skilful in the use of spade, hatchet, and pickax, so important in military operations; and their great natural quickness and the high level of intelligence which their excellent schools had produced, made it certain that they would not be long in mastering their military duties. The

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

whole country was practically at their disposal. All who were suspected of Toryism were ordered to surrender their weapons. General Gage was blockaded in Boston, and he remained strictly on the defensive, waiting for reenforcements from England, which only arrived at the end of May. Even then, he for some time took no active measures, but contented himself with offering pardon to all insurgents who laid down their arms, except Samuel Adams and John Hancock, and with proclaiming martial law in Massachusetts. He at length, however, determined to extend his lines, so as to include and fortify a very important post, which by a strange negligence had been left hitherto unoccupied.

On a narrow peninsula to the north of Boston, but separated from it by rather less than half a mile of water, lay the little town of Charleston, behind which rose two small connected hills, which commanded a great part both of the town and harbor of Boston. Breed's Hill, which was nearest to Charleston, was about seventy-five feet, Bunker's Hill was about one hundred and ten feet, in height. The peninsula, which was little more than a mile long, was connected with the mainland by a narrow causeway. Cambridge, the headquarters of the American forces, was by road about four miles from Bunker's Hill, but much of the intervening space was occupied by American outposts. The possession, under these circumstances, of Bunker's Hill, was a matter of great military importance, and Gage determined to fortify it. The Americans learnt his intention, and determined to defeat it.

On the night of June 16, an American force

LEXINGTON AND BUNKER HILL

under the command of Colonel Prescott, and accompanied by some skilful engineers and by a few field-guns, silently occupied Breed's Hill, and threw up a strong redoubt before daylight revealed their presence to the British. Next day, after much unnecessary delay, a detachment under General Howe was sent from Boston to dislodge them. The Americans had in the meantime received some reenforcements from their camp, but the whole force upon the hill is said not to have exceeded 1,500 men. Most of them were inexperienced volunteers. Many of them were weary with a long night's toil, and they had been exposed for hours to a harassing tho ineffectual fire from the ships in the harbor; but they were now strongly entrenched behind a redoubt and a breastwork. The British engaged on this memorable day consisted in all of between 2,000 and 3,000 regular troops, fresh from the barracks, and supported by artillery.

The town of Charleston, having been occupied by some American riflemen, who poured their fire upon the English from the shelter of the houses, was burnt by order of General Howe, and its flames cast a ghastly splendor upon the scene. The English were foolishly encumbered by heavy knapsacks with three days' provisions. Instead of endeavoring to cut off the Americans by occupying the neck of land to the rear of Breed's Hill, they climbed the steep and difficult ascent in front of the battery, struggling through the long, tangled grass beneath a burning sun, and exposed at every step to the fire of a sheltered enemy. The Americans waited till their assailants were within a few rods of the entrenchment, when they greeted

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

them with a fire so deadly and so sustained that the British line twice recoiled, broken, intimidated, and disordered. The third attack was more successful. The position was carried at the point of the bayonet. The Americans were put to flight, and five out of their six cannon were taken. But the victory was dearly purchased. On the British side 1,054 men, including 89 commissioned officers, fell. The Americans only admitted a loss of 449 men; and they contended that, if they had been properly reenforced, and if their ammunition had not begun to fail, they would have held the position.

The battle of Breed's, or, as it is commonly called, of Bunker's Hill, tho extremely bloody in proportion to the number of men engaged, can hardly be said to present any very remarkable military character, and in a great European war it would have been almost unnoticed. Few battles, however, have had more important consequences. It roused at once the fierce instinct of combat in America, weakened seriously the only British army in New England, and dispelled forever the almost superstitious belief in the impossibility of encountering regular troops with hastily-levied volunteers. The ignoble taunts which had been directed against the Americans were for ever silenced. No one questioned the conspicuous gallantry with which the provincial troops had supported a long fire from the ships and awaited the charge of the enemy, and British soldiers had been twice driven back in disorder before their fire. From this time the best judges predicted the ultimate success of America.

THE CONCORD FIGHT

II

WILLIAM EMERSON'S ACCOUNT OF THE CONCORD FIGHT¹

This Morn'g betw 1 & 2 o'Clock we w^r. [were] alarm'd by y^e ring of y^e Bell—& upon Exam[ination] fou[nd] y^t. y^e Troops, to y^e N^o. of 800, had stole y^r. March from Boston in Boats & Barg' [barges] from y^e Bottom of y^e Common over to a Point in Cambridge, near to Inman's Farm, & were at Lexington Meetingg House, half an Hour before Sunrise, where they had fired upon a Body of our Men, & (as we afterv'd. heard) had killed several. This Intelligence was bro't us at fst. [first] by D^r. Sam^l. Prescott, who narrowly escap'd y^e Guard y^t were sent before on Horses, purposely to prevent all Posts & Messengers from giving us timely Information. He, by y^e Help of a very fleet Horse crossing several Walls and Fences, arriv'd at Concord at y^e Time abovementend [abovementioned].

When several Posts w^r. immed[iately] dispatch'd, that return^s confirm'd y^e Account of y^e Regulars Arrival at Lexington, & that they were on their Way to Concord. Upon this a N^o. of our Minitute [Minute] Men belong^s to ys [this] Town, & Acton & Lyncoln, with several others y^t. were in Readiness, march'd [o]ut to meet them:

¹ Mr. Emerson, a clergyman of Concord, was the grandfather of Ralph Waldo Emerson. He became a chaplain in the Continental Army and lost his life in the Ticonderoga expedition. His account is printed in J. L. Whitney's "Literature of the Nineteenth of April."

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

While y^e alarm Company w^r. preparing to receive them in y^e Town.—Cap^t. Minot who command[ed] ym. tho't it proper to take Possess[ion] of y^e Hill above y^e Meeting house as y^e most advan[tageous] Situa[tion]. No sooner had y^e gain'd [it] than we were met by y^e Companies y^t. were sent out to meet y^e Troops, who inform'd us, y^t [they] were just upon us, & that we must retreat, as their N^o. was more than threbbles to ours.—We then retreat'd fr[om] y^e Hill near [the] Liberty Pole & took a new Post back of y^e Town, upon a rising Eminence, w[h]ere we form'd into two Battalions, & waited y^e Arrival of y^e Enemy.

Scarcely had we form'd, before we saw y^e british Troops, at y^e Dista[nce] of a $\frac{1}{4}$ of a Mile, glittering in Arms, advancing towards [us] with y^e greatest Celerity. Some were for making a Stand, notw[ithstanding] y^e Super[iority] of y^r. N^o., but others more prudent tho't best to retreat till our Stren[g]th sh^d be equal y^e Enemy's by Recruits from neigh^s [neighboring] Town's y^t were contin[ually] com^s in to our Assistance Accordingly we retreat'd over y^e Bridge, when y^e Troops came into y^e Town,—set fire to several Carriages for y^e Artillery, destroy'd 60 Barrels of Flour, rifled sev[eral] Houses—took Possession of y^e Townhouse, destroy'd 500 lb of Ball[s] set a Guard of 100 Men at y^e N Bridge, & S sent up a Party to y^e Hou[se] of Col^o. Barrett, w[h]ere they were in Expecta[tion] of finding a Quantity of warlike Stores; but these were happily secur'd just before their Arrival, by Transpor[tation] into y^e Wood' & other by-Places.

In y^e mean Time, the Guard set by [y]^e Enemy to secure y^e Pass at y^e N. Bridge, were alarm[ed]

THE CONCORD FIGHT

by y^e Approa[ch] of our People, who had retreated as men' [mentioned] before, & w^r. now advancing, with spec[ial] Ord' [orders] not to not to fire upon y^e Troops, unless fir'd upon.—These Orders were so punctually observ'd y^t we rec'd y^e Fire of y^e Enemy in 3 several & separte Discharges of their Peices, before it was return'd, by our command[ing] Officer; the firing then soon beca [became] general for sev[eral] min' [minutes], in w^{ch} Skirmish two w^r. kill'd on each Side, & sev[eral] of y^e Enemy wounded:—It may here be obs'd [observed] by y^e Way, y^t we were y^e more cau[tious] to prevent begin [beginning] a Rupture wth y^e K' [King's], Troops, as we w^r. then uncert[ain] what had happ[ened] at Lexington, & knew [not?] y^t they had begun y^e Quarrell there by fst. firing upon our pp [people] & killing 8 Men upon y^e Spot.

The 3 Compa' [companies of] Troops soon quitted their Post at y^e Bridge, & retreat'd in g^test [greatest] Disord^r & Confu[sion] to y^e main Body, who were soon upon y^e March to meet them.—For half an hour y^e Enemy by y^r. Marches & counter Marches discov'd g^t Feeckleness [great fickleness] & Inconstancy of Mind, sometimes advancing sometimes returning to y^r. former Posts, till at Len[g]th they quitted y^e Town, & retreated by y^e Wa[y] y^y [they] came. In y^e Mean Time, a Party of our Men, (150) took y^e back Wa[y] thro' y^e g^t Fields into y^e E. q^r. [east quarter] & had plac'd 'ems' [themselves] to advantage, laying in Ambush, behind Walls Fences & Buildings, r[eady] to fire upon y^e Enemy, on their Retreat.

WASHINGTON'S APPOINTMENT AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

(1775)

BY WASHINGTON IRVING¹

The difficult question was, who should be commander-in-chief? Adams, in his diary, gives us glimpses of the conflict of opinions and interests within doors. There was a Southern party, he said, which could not brook the idea of a New England army commanded by a New England general. "Whether this jealousy was sincere," writes he, "or whether it was mere pride, and a haughty ambition of furnishing a Southern general to command the Northern army, I can not say; but the intention was very visible to me, that Colonel Washington was their object; and so many of our staunchest men were in the plan that we could carry nothing without conceding to it. There was another embarrassment, which was never publicly known, and which was carefully concealed by those who knew it: the Massachusetts and other New England delegates were divided. Mr. Hancock and Mr. Cushing hung back; Mr. Paine did not come forward, and even Mr. Samuel Adams was irresolute. Mr. Hancock himself had an ambition to be appointed commander-in-chief. Whether he thought an election a compliment due to him, and

¹ From Irving's "Life of Washington." By permission of the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

WASHINGTON COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

intended to have the honor of declining it, or whether he would have accepted it, I know not. To the compliment he had some pretensions; for, at that time, his exertions, sacrifices, and general merits in the cause of his country had been incomparably greater than those of Colonel Washington. But the delicacy of his health, and his entire want of experience in actual service, tho an excellent militia officer, were decisive objections to him in my mind." . . .

The opinion evidently inclined in favor of Washington; yet it was promoted by no clique of partizans or admirers. More than one of the Virginia delegates, says Adams, were cool on the subject of this appointment; and particularly Mr. Pendleton was clear and full against it. It is scarcely necessary to add that Washington, in this as in every other situation in life, made no step in advance to clutch the impending honor.

Adams, in his diary, claims the credit of bringing the members of Congress to a decision. Rising in his place one day and stating briefly but earnestly the exigencies of the case, he moved that Congress should adopt the army at Cambridge, and appoint a general. Tho this was not the time to nominate the person, "yet," adds he, "as I had reason to believe this was a point of some difficulty, I had no hesitation to declare, that I had but one gentleman in my mind for that important command, and that was a gentleman from Virginia, who was among us and very well known to all of us; a gentleman whose skill and experience as an officer, whose independent fortune, great talents, and excellent universal character would command the approbation of all America, and unite

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

the cordial exertion of all the colonies better than any other person in the Union. Mr. Washington, who happened to sit near the door, as soon as he heard me allude to him, from his usual modesty, darted into the library-room. Mr. Hancock, who was our president, which gave me an opportunity to observe his countenance, while I was speaking on the state of the colonies, the army at Cambridge and the enemy, heard me with visible pleasure; but when I came to describe Washington for the commander, I never remarked a more sudden and striking change of countenance. Mortification and resentment were exprest as forcibly as his face could exhibit them. When the subject came under debate several delegates opposed the appointment of Washington; not from personal affection, but because the army were all from New England, and had a general of their own, General Artemas Ward, with whom they appeared well satisfied; and under whose command they had proved themselves able to imprison the British army in Boston; which was all that was expected or desired."

The subject was postponed to a future day. In the interim pains were taken out of doors to obtain a unanimity, and the voices were in general so clearly in favor of Washington that the dissentient members were persuaded to withdraw their opposition.

On the 15th of June the army was regularly adopted by Congress, and the pay of the commander-in-chief fixt at five hundred dollars a month. Many still clung to the idea, that in all these proceedings they were merely opposing the measures of the ministry, and not the authority of the crown, and thus the army before Boston was

WASHINGTON COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

designated as the Continental Army, in contradistinction to that under General Gage, which was called the Ministerial Army.

In this stage of the business Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, rose and nominated Washington for the station of commander-in-chief. The election was by ballot, and was unanimous. It was formally announced to him by the president, on the following day, when he had taken his seat in Congress. Rising in his place, he briefly expressed his high and grateful sense of the honor conferred on him, and his sincere devotion to the cause. "But," added he, "lest some unlucky event should happen unfavorable to my reputation, I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in the room, that I this day declare, with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with. As to pay, I beg leave to assure the Congress that, as no pecuniary consideration could have tempted me to accept this arduous employment, at the expense of my domestic ease and happiness, I do not wish to make any profit of it. I will keep an exact account of my expenses. Those, I doubt not, they will discharge, and that is all I desire."

"There is something charming to me in the conduct of Washington," writes Adams to a friend; "a gentleman of one of the first fortunes upon the continent, leaving his delicious retirement, his family and friends, sacrificing his ease, and hazarding all, in the cause of his country. His views are noble and disinterested. He declared, when he accepted the mighty trust, that he would lay before us an exact account of his expenses, and not accept a shilling of pay." . . .

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

In this momentous change in his condition, which suddenly altered all his course of life, and called him immediately to the camp, Washington's thoughts recurred to Mount Vernon, and its rural delights, so dear to his heart, whence he was to be again exiled. His chief concern, however, was on account of the distress it might cause his wife. His letter to her on the subject is written in a tone of manly tenderness. "You may believe me," writes he, "when I assure you, in the most solemn manner, that, so far from seeking this appointment, I have used every endeavor in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part with you and the family, but from a consciousness of its being a trust too great for my capacity; and I should enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad, if my stay were to be seven times seven years. But as it has been a kind of destiny that has thrown me upon this service, I shall hope that my undertaking it is designed to answer some good purpose. I shall rely confidently on that Providence which has hitherto preserved, and has been bountiful to me, not doubting but that I shall return safe to you in the fall. I shall feel no pain from the toil or danger of the campaign; my unhappiness will flow from the uneasiness I know you will feel from being left alone. I therefore beg that you will summon your whole fortitude, and pass your time as agreeably as possible. Nothing will give me so much satisfaction as to hear this, and to hear it from your own pen."

And to his favorite brother, John Augustine, he writes: "I am now to bid adieu to you, and to every kind of domestic ease, for a while. I am

WASHINGTON COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

embarked on a wide ocean, boundless in its prospect, and in which, perhaps, no safe harbor is to be found. I have been called upon by the unanimous voice of the colonies to take the command of the continental army; an honor I neither sought after nor desired, as I am thoroughly convinced that it requires great abilities, and much more experience than I am master of." And, subsequently, referring to his wife: "I shall hope that my friends will visit, and endeavor to keep up the spirits of my wife as much as they can, for my departure will, I know, be a cutting stroke upon her; and on this account alone I have many disagreeable sensations."

On the 20th of June he received his commission from the President of Congress. The following day was fixt upon for his departure for the army. He reviewed previously, at the request of their officers, several militia companies of horse and foot. Every one was anxious to see the new commander, and rarely has the public *beau ideal* of a commander been so fully answered. He was now in the vigor of his days, forty-three years of age, stately in person, noble in his demeanor, calm and dignified in his deportment; as he sat his horse, with manly grace, his military presence delighted every eye, and wherever he went the air rang with acclamations. . . .

He set out on horseback on the 21st of June, having for military companions of his journey Major-generals Lee and Schuyler, and being accompanied for a distance by several private friends. As an escort he had a "gentleman troop" of Philadelphia, commanded by Captain Markoe; the whole formed a brilliant cavalcade. . . .

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

Many things concurred to produce perfect harmony of operation between these distinguished men. They were nearly of the same age, Schuyler being one year the youngest. Both were men of agricultural as well as military tastes. Both were men of property, living at their ease in little rural paradises—Washington on the grove-clad heights of Mount Vernon, Schuyler on the pastoral banks of the upper Hudson, where he had a noble estate at Saratoga, inherited from an uncle, and the old family mansion, near the city of Albany, half hid among ancestral trees. Yet both were exiling themselves from these happy abodes, and putting life and fortune at hazard in the service of their country. . . .

They had scarcely proceeded twenty miles from Philadelphia when they were met by a courier, spurring with all speed, bearing dispatches from the army to Congress, communicating tidings of the battle of Bunker's Hill. Washington eagerly inquired particulars; above all, how acted the militia? When told that they stood their ground bravely; sustained the enemy's fire; reserved their own until at close quarters, and then delivered it with deadly effect, it seemed as if a weight of doubt and solicitude were lifted from his heart. "The liberties of the country are safe!" exclaimed he. The news of the battle of Bunker's Hill had startled the whole country; and this clattering cavalcade escorting the commander-in-chief to the army, was the gaze and wonder of every town and village. . . .

Escorted by a troop of light horse and a cavalcade of citizens, he proceeded to the headquarters provided for him at Cambridge, three miles dis-

WASHINGTON COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

tant. As he entered the confines of the camp the shouts of the multitude and the thundering of artillery gave note to the enemy beleagured in Boston of his arrival. His military reputation had preceded him and excited great expectations. They were not disappointed. His personal appearance, notwithstanding the dust of travel, was calculated to captivate the public eye. As he rode through the camp, amidst a throng of officers, he was the admiration of the soldiery and of a curious throng collected from the surrounding country. Happy was the countryman who could get a full view of him to carry home an account of it to his neighbors. The fair sex were still more enthusiastic in their admiration, if we may judge from the following passage of a letter written by the intelligent and accomplished wife of John Adams to her husband: "Dignity, ease, and complacency, the gentleman and the soldier, look agreeably blended in him. Modesty marks every line and feature of his face."

With Washington, modest at all times, there was no false excitement on the present occasion; nothing to call forth emotions of self-glorification. The honors and congratulations with which he was received, the acclamations of the public, the cheerings of the army, only told him how much was expected from him; and when he looked round upon the raw and rustic levies he was to command, "a mixt multitude of people, under very little discipline, order, or government," scattered in rough encampments about hill and dale, beleaguering a city garrisoned by veteran troops, with ships of war anchored about its harbor, and strong outposts guarding it, he felt the awful responsibility

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

of his situation, and the complicated and stupendous task before him. He spoke of it, however, not despondingly nor boastfully and with defiance; but with that solemn and sedate resolution, and that hopeful reliance on Supreme Goodness, which belonged to his magnanimous nature. The cause of his country, he observed, had called him to an active and dangerous duty, but he trusted that Divine Providence, which wisely orders the affairs of men, would enable him to discharge it with fidelity and success.

On the 3d of July, the morning after his arrival at Cambridge, Washington took formal command of the army. It was drawn up on the common about half a mile from headquarters. A multitude had assembled there, for as yet military spectacles were novelties, and the camp was full of visitors, men, women, and children, from all parts of the country, who had relatives among the yeoman soldiery. An ancient elm is still pointed out,² under which Washington, as he arrived from headquarters accompanied by General Lee and a numerous suite, wheeled his horse, and drew his sword as commander-in-chief of the armies. . . .

² Irving wrote in 1855. This well-preserved elm still stands in Cambridge enclosed by an iron fence, in the middle of the highway, just beyond the grounds of Harvard University.

WASHINGTON'S CAPTURE OF BOSTON

(1776)

WASHINGTON'S OWN ACCOUNT¹

As some account of the late maneuvers of both armies may not be unacceptable, I shall, hurried as I always am, devote a little time to it. Having received a small supply of powder, very inadequate to our wants, I resolved to take possession of Dorchester Point, lying east of Boston, looking directly into it, and commanding the enemy's lines on Boston Neck. To do this, which I knew would force the enemy to an engagement, or subject them to be enfiladed by our own cannon, it was necessary, in the first instance, to possess two heights (those mentioned in General Burgoyne's letter to Lord Stanley, in his account of the battle of Bunker's Hill), which had the entire command of the point.

Inasmuch as the ground at this point was frozen upward of two feet deep, and as impenetrable as a rock, nothing could be attempted with earth. We were obliged, therefore, to provide an amazing quantity of chandeliers and fascines for the work; and, on the night of the 4th, after a previous severe

¹ From a letter addrest to his half-brother, John Augustine Washington. Printed in Hart's "Source Book of American History."

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

cannonade and bombardment for three nights together, to divert the enemy's attention from our real design, we removed our material to the spot, under cover of darkness, and took full possession of those heights, without the loss of a single man.

Upon their discovery of the works next morning, great preparations were made for attacking them; but not being ready before afternoon, and the weather getting very tempestuous, much blood was saved, and a very important blow, to one side or the other, was prevented. That this most remarkable interposition of Providence is for some wise purpose, I have not a doubt. But, as the principal design of the maneuver was to draw the enemy to an engagement under disadvantages to them, as a premeditated plan was laid for this purpose, and seemed to be succeeding to my utmost wish, and as no men seem better disposed to make the appeal than ours did upon that occasion, I can scarcely forbear lamenting the disappointment, unless the dispute is drawing to an accommodation, and the sword going to be sheathed.

The enemy thinking, as we have since learnt, that we had got too securely posted, before the second morning, to be much hurt by them, and apprehending great annoyance from our new works, resolved upon a retreat, and accordingly on the 17th embarked in as much hurry, precipitation, and confusion, as ever troops did, not taking time to fit their transports, but leaving the King's property in Boston, to the amount, as is supposed, of thirty or forty thousand pounds in provisions and stores.

Many pieces of cannon, some mortars, and a number of shot and shells are also left; and bag-

THE CAPTURE OF BOSTON

gage-wagons and artillery-carts, which they have been eighteen months preparing to take the field with, were found destroyed, thrown into the docks, and drifted upon every shore. In short, Dunbar's destruction of stores after General Braddock's defeat, which made so much noise, affords but a faint idea of what was to be met with here.

The enemy lay from the 17th to the 27th in Nantasket and King's Roads, about nine miles from Boston, to take in water from the islands thereabouts, and to prepare themselves for sea. Whither they are now bound, and where their tents will next be pitched, I know not; but, as New York and Hudson's River are the most important objects they can have in view, as the latter secures the communication with Canada, at the same time that it separates the northern and southern colonies, and the former is thought to abound in disaffected persons, who only wait a favorable opportunity and support to declare themselves openly, it becomes equally important for us to prevent their gaining possession of these advantages; and, therefore, as soon as they embarked, I detached a brigade of six regiments to that government, and, when they sailed, another brigade composed of the same number; and to-morrow another brigade of five regiments will march. In a day or two more, I shall follow myself, and be in New York ready to receive all but the first.

The enemy left all their works standing in Boston and on Bunker's Hill; and formidable they are. The town has shared a much better fate than was expected, the damage done to the houses being nothing equal to report. But the inhabitants have suffered a great deal, in being plundered by the

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

soldiery at their departure. All those who took upon themselves the style and title of government-men in Boston, in short, all those who have acted an unfriendly part in the great contest, have shipped themselves off in the same hurry, but under still greater disadvantages than the King's troops, being obliged to man their own vessels, as seamen enough could not be had for the King's transports, and submit to every hardship that can be conceived. One or two have done, what a great number ought to have done long ago, committed suicide.

By all accounts, there never existed a more miserable set of beings, than these wretched creatures now are. Taught to believe that the power of Great Britain was superior to all opposition, and, if not, that foreign aid was at hand, they were even higher and more insulting in their opposition than the regulars. When the order issued, therefore, for embarking the troops in Boston, no electric shock, no sudden explosion of thunder, in a word, not the last trump could have struck them with greater consternation. They were at their wit's end, and, conscious of their black ingratitude, they chose to commit themselves, in the manner I have above described, to the mercy of the waves at a tempestuous season, rather than meet their offended countrymen.

I believe I may with great truth affirm, that no man perhaps since the first institution of armies ever commanded one under more difficult circumstances, than I have done. Many of my difficulties and distresses were of so peculiar a cast, that, in order to conceal them from the enemy, I was obliged to conceal them from my

THE CAPTURE OF BOSTON

friends, and indeed from my own army, thereby subjecting my conduct to interpretations unfavorable to my character, especially by those at a distance, who could not in the smallest degree be acquainted with the springs that govern it.

THE DRAFTING OF "THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE"

(1776)

I

BY JAMES PARTON¹

Mr. Jefferson was naturally urged to prepare the draft. He was chairman of the committee, having received the highest number of votes; he was also its youngest member, and therefore bound to do an ample share of the work; he was noted for his skill with the pen; he was particularly conversant with the points of the controversy; he was a Virginian. The task, indeed, was not very arduous or difficult. Nothing was wanted but a careful and brief recapitulation of wrongs familiar to every patriotic mind, and a clear statement of principles hackneyed from eleven years' iteration. Jefferson made no difficulty about undertaking it, and probably had no anticipation of the vast celebrity that was to follow so slight an exercise of his faculties. . . .

Jefferson then lived in a new brick house out in the fields, near what is now the corner of Market and Seventh Streets, a quarter of a mile from Independence Square. "I rented the second floor," he tells us, "consisting of a parlor and bedroom, ready furnished," rent, thirty-five shillings a week;

¹ From Parton's "Life of Jefferson." By permission of, and by arrangement with, the authorized publishers, Houghton, Mifflin Company. Copyright, 1874.

DRAFTING "THE DECLARATION"

and he wrote this paper in the parlor, upon a little writing-desk three inches high, which still exists.

He was ready with his draft in time. His colleagues upon the committee suggested a few verbal changes, none of which were important; but, during the three days' discussion of it in the house, it was subjected to a review so critical and severe, that the author sat in his place silently writhing under it, and Dr. Franklin felt called upon to console him with the comic relation of the process by which the sign-board of *John Thompson, hatter, makes and sells hats for ready money*, was reduced to the name of the hatter and the figure of a hat. Young writers know what he suffered, who, come fresh from the commencement platform to a newspaper office, and have their eloquent editorials (equal to Burke) remorselessly edited, their best passages curtailed, their glowing conclusions and artful openings cut off, their happy epithets and striking similes omitted.

Congress made eighteen suppressions, six additions, and ten alterations; and nearly every one of these changes was an improvement. The author, for example, said that men are endowed with "inherent and inalienable rights." Congress struck out *inherent*—an obvious improvement. He introduced his catalog of wrongs by these words: "To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world, *for the truth of which we pledge a faith yet unsullied by falsehood.*" It was good taste in Congress to strike out the italicized clause. That the passage concerning slavery should have been stricken out by Congress has often been regretted; but would it have been decent in this body to denounce the king for a crime in the guilt of which

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

the colonies had shared? Mr. Jefferson wrote in his draft:

“He has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people who never offended him, captivating and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of infidel powers, is the warfare of the Christian king of Great Britain. Determined to keep open a market where men should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or restrain this execrable commerce. And that this assemblage of horrors might want no fact of distinguished dye, he is now exciting those very people to rise in arms among us, and to purchase that liberty of which he has deprived them, by murdering the people on whom he also obtruded them; thus paying off former crimes committed against the liberties of one people, with crimes which he urges them to commit against the lives of another.”

Surely the omission of this passage was not less right than wise. New England towns had been enriched by the commerce in slaves, and the Southern colonies had subsisted on the labor of slaves for a hundred years. The foolish king had committed errors enough; but it was not fair to hold so limited a person responsible for not being a century in advance of his age; nor was it ever in the power of any king to compel his subjects to be slave-owners. It was young Virginia that spoke in this paragraph—Wythe, Jefferson, Madison, and their young friends—not the public mind of

DRAFTING "THE DECLARATION"

America, which was destined to reach it, ninety years after, by the usual way of agony and blood. . . .

The "glittering generality" of the document, "all men are created equal," appears to have been accepted, without objection or remark, as a short and simple reprobation of caste and privilege. Readers are aware that it has not escaped contemptuous comment in recent times. It would have been easy for the author of the Declaration—and I wish he had done so—to put the statement in words which partizan prejudice itself could not have plausibly pretended to misunderstand; for, as the passage stands, its most obvious meaning is not true.

The noblest utterance of the whole composition is the reason given for making the Declaration—"A DECENT RESPECT FOR THE OPINIONS OF MANKIND." This touches the heart. Among the best emotions that human nature knows is the veneration of man for man.

During the 2d, 3d, and 4th of July, Congress was engaged in reviewing the Declaration. Thursday, the fourth, was a hot day; the session lasted many hours; members were tired and impatient. Every one who has watched the sessions of a deliberative body knows how the most important measures are retarded, accelerated, even defeated, by physical causes of the most trifling nature. Mr. Kinglake intimates that Lord Raglan's invasion of the Crimea was due rather to the after-dinner slumbers of the British Cabinet, than to any well-considered purpose. Mr. Jefferson used to relate, with much merriment, that the final signing of the Declaration of Independence was

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

August
hastened by an absurdly trivial cause. Near the hall in which the debates were then held was a livery-stable, from which swarms of flies came into the open windows, and assailed the silk-stockinged legs of honorable members. Handkerchief in hand, they lashed the flies with such vigor as they could command on a July afternoon; but the annoyance became at length so extreme as to render them impatient of delay and they made haste to bring the momentous business to a conclusion.

After such a long and severe strain upon their minds, members seem to have indulged in many a jocular observation as they stood around the table. Tradition has it that when John Hancock had affixed his magnificent signature to the paper, he said, "There, John Bull may read *my* name without spectacles!" Tradition, also, will never relinquish the pleasure of repeating, that, when Mr. Hancock reminded members of the necessity of hanging together, Dr. Franklin was ready with his, "Yes, we must indeed all hang together, or else, most assuredly, we shall all hang separately." And this may have suggested to the portly Harrison—a "luxurious, heavy gentleman," as John Adams describes him—his remark to slender Elbridge Gerry, that, when the hanging came, he should have the advantage; for Gerry would be kicking in the air long after it was over with himself.

No composition of man was ever received with more rapture than this. It came at a happy time. Boston was delivered, and New York, as yet, but menaced; and in all New England there was not a British soldier who was not a prisoner, nor a king's ship that was not a prize. Between the expulsion of the British troops from Boston, and

DRAFTING "THE DECLARATION"

their capture of New York, was the period of the Revolutionary War when the people were most confident and most united. From the newspapers and letters of the times, we should infer that the contest was ending rather than beginning, so exultant is their tone; and the Declaration of Independence, therefore, was received more like a song of triumph than a call to battle.

The paper was signed late on Thursday afternoon, July 4. On the Monday following, at noon, it was publicly read for the first time, in Independence Square, from a platform erected by Rittenhouse for the purpose of observing the transit of Venus. Captain John Hopkins, a young man commanding an armed brig of the navy of the new nation, was the reader; and it required his stentorian voice to carry the words to the distant verge of the multitude who had come to hear it. In the evening, as a journal of the day has it, "our late king's coat-of-arms were brought from the hall of the State House, where the said king's courts were formerly held, and burned amid the acclamation of a crowd of spectators." Similar scenes transpired in every center of population, and at every camp and post. Usually the militia companies, the committee of safety, and other revolutionary bodies, marched in procession to some public place, where they listened decorously to the reading of the Declaration, at the conclusion of which cheers were given and salutes fired; and, in the evening there were illuminations and bonfires. In New York, after the reading,² the leaden statue of the late king

² The "Declaration" was read to the public in New York in what is now City Hall Park, the army of Washington, recently arrived from Boston, being present.

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

in Bowling Green was "laid prostate in the dirt," and ordered to be run into bullets. The debtors in prison were also set at liberty. Virginia, before the news of the Declaration had reached her (July 5, 1776), had stricken the king's name out of the prayer-book; and now (July 30), Rhode Island made it a misdemeanor to pray for the king as king, under penalty of a fine of one hundred thousand pounds!

The news of the Declaration was received with sorrow by all that was best in England. Samuel Rogers³ used to give American guests at his breakfasts an interesting reminiscence of this period. On the morning after the intelligence reached London, his father, at family prayers, added a prayer for the *success* of the colonies, which he repeated every day until the peace.

The deed was done. A people not formed for empire ceased to be imperial; and a people destined to empire began the political education that will one day give them far more and better than imperial sway.

³ The poet.

DRAFTING "THE DECLARATION"

II

JOHN ADAMS' ACCOUNT¹

You inquire why so young a man as Mr. Jefferson was placed at the head of the Committee for preparing a Declaration of Independence? I answer: It was the Frankfort advice, to place Virginia at the head of everything. Mr. Richard Henry Lee might be gone to Virginia, to his sick family, for aught I know, but that was not the reason of Mr. Jefferson's appointment. There were three committees appointed at the same time. One for the Declaration of Independence, another for preparing articles of Confederation, and another for preparing a treaty to be proposed to France. Mr. Lee was chosen for the Committee of Confederation, and it was not thought convenient that the same person should be upon both.

Mr. Jefferson came into Congress in June, 1775, and brought with him a reputation for literature, science, and a happy talent of composition. Writings of his were handed about, remarkable for the peculiar felicity of expression. Tho a silent member in Congress, he was so prompt, frank, explicit, and decisive upon committees and in conversation, not even Samuel Adams was more so, that he soon seized upon my heart; and upon this occasion I gave him my vote, and did all in my power to procure the votes of others. I think he had one more vote than any other, and that placed him at the head of the committee. I had the next highest

¹ Adams wrote this account long after the event—in 1822.

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

number, and that placed me the second. The committee met, discuss the subject, and then appointed Mr. Jefferson and me to make the draft, I suppose because we were the two first on the list.

The sub-committee met. Jefferson proposed to me to make the draft. I said, "I will not." "You should do it." "Oh, no!" "Why will you not? You ought to do it." "I will not." "Why?" "Reasons enough." "What can be your reasons?" "Reason first—You are a Virginian, and a Virginian ought to appear at the head of this business. Reason second—I am obnoxious, suspected, and unpopular. You are very much otherwise. Reason third—You can write ten times better than I can." "Well," said Jefferson, "if you are decided, I will do as well as I can." "Very well. When you have drawn it up, we will have a meeting."

A meeting we accordingly had, and conned the paper over. I was delighted with its high tone and the flights of oratory with which it abounded, especially that concerning negro slavery, which, tho I knew his Southern brethren would never suffer to pass in Congress, I certainly never would oppose. There were other expressions which I would not have inserted, if I had drawn it up, particularly that which called the King tyrant. I thought this too personal; for I never believed George to be a tyrant in disposition and in nature; I always believed him to be deceived by his courtiers on both sides of the Atlantic, and in his official capacity only, cruel. I thought the expression too passionate, and too much like scolding, for so grave and solemn a document; but as Franklin and Sherman were to inspect it afterward, I thought it would

DRAFTING "THE DECLARATION"

not become me to strike it out. I consented to report it, and do not now remember that I made or suggested a single alteration.

We reported it to the committee of five. It was read, and I do not remember that Franklin or Sherman criticized anything. We were all in haste. Congress was impatient, and the instrument was reported, as I believe, in Jefferson's handwriting, as he first drew it. Congress cut off about a quarter of it, as I expected they would; but they obliterated some of the best of it, and left all that was exceptionable, if anything in it was. I have long wondered that the original draft has not been published. I suppose the reason is, the vehement Philippic against negro slavery.

As you justly observe, there is not an idea in it but what had been hackneyed in Congress for two years before. The substance of it is contained in the declaration of rights and the violation of those rights, in the Journals of Congress, in 1774. Indeed, the essence of it is contained in a pamphlet, voted and printed by the town of Boston, before the first Congress met, composed by James Otis, as I suppose, in one of his lucid intervals, and pruned and polished by Samuel Adams.

FRANKLIN IN FRANCE

(1776—1785)

BY SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN¹

The early relations between the United States of America, and the monarchies of Europe, may be studied with advantage by those writers who attach little or no importance to the personal factor in history. The prospects of the young republic were seriously, and to all appearance irretrievably, damnified by the mismanagement of Congress; but the position was saved by the ability, the discretion, and the force of one single man. Benjamin Franklin was now past seventy. He had begun to earn his bread as a child of ten; he commenced as an author at sixteen; and he had ever since been working with his hands, and taxing his brain, unintermittently, and to the top of his power. Such exertions were not maintained with impunity. He kept his strength of will unimpaired, his mind clear and lively, and his temper equable, by a life-long habit of rigid abstemiousness; but he already felt the approach of painful disease that tortured him cruelly before the immense undertaking, which still lay before him, had been half accomplished. In September, 1776, he was elected Commissioner to France, by a unanimous resolution of Congress. Franklin, in the

¹ From Trevelyan's "The American Revolution." Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Longmans, Green & Company. Copyright, 1903-1905.

FRANKLIN IN FRANCE

highest sense of the term, was a professional diplomatist; for he had passed sixteen years in England as agent for his colony, and his individual qualities had gained for him a political influence, and a social standing, out of all proportion to the comparatively humble interests which he represented at the British court. The ambassadors of the Great Powers, who were resident in London, treated him as one of themselves. He was old enough to be the father of most among them, and wise enough to be the adviser of all; and, toward the end of his time, they united in regarding him as in some sort the *doyen* of their body. . . .

From other Americans then resident in Paris Franklin received little help, and a great deal of most unnecessary hindrance. Silas Deane, who had business knowledge and business aptitudes, was of service in arranging contracts and inspecting warlike stores; and Deane, after Franklin's arrival in Europe, had the good sense to confine himself strictly within his own province. But Arthur Lee was an uneasy, and a most dangerous yoke-fellow. Lee was a sinister personage in the drama of the American revolution;—the assassin of other men's reputation and careers, and the suicide of his own. He now was bent on defaming and destroying Silas Deane, whom he fiercely hated, and on persuading the government at home to transfer Franklin to Vienna, so that he himself might remain behind in France as the single representative of America at the Court of Versailles. The group of politicians in Philadelphia, who were caballing against George Washington, maintained confidential, and not very creditable, relations with Arthur Lee at Paris. His eloquent

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

brother was his mouthpiece in Congress; and he plied Samuel Adams with a series of venomous libels upon Franklin, which were preserved unrebuked, and too evidently had been read with pleasure.

The best that can be said for Arthur Lee is that, in his personal dealings with the colleagues whom he was seeking to ruin, he made no pretense of a friendship which he did not feel; and his attitude toward his brother envoys was, to the last degree, hostile and insulting. He found an ally in Ralph Izard, who lived at Paris, an ambassador *in partibus*, two hundred leagues away from the capital to which he was accredited; drawing the same salary as Franklin; denouncing him in open letters addrest to the President of Congress, and insisting, with querulous impertinence, on his right to participate in all the secret counsels of the French Court. Franklin for some months maintained an unruffled composure. He had never been quick to mark offenses, and he now had reached that happy period of life when a man values the good-will of his juniors, but troubles himself very little about their disapproval. He ignored the provocation given by his pair of enemies, and extended to them a hospitality which they, on their part, did not refrain from accepting, altho his food and wine might well have choked them. But the moment came when his own self-respect, and a due consideration for the public interest, forbade Franklin any longer to pass over their conduct in silence, and he spoke out in a style which astonished both of them at the time, and has gratified the American reader ever since. He castigated Arthur Lee in as plain

FRANKLIN IN FRANCE

and vigorous English as ever was set down on paper, and informed Ralph Izard, calmly but very explicitly, that he would do well to mind his own business.

Franklin, as long as he was on European soil, had no need to stand upon ceremony when dealing with a refractory fellow countryman; for he was in great authority on that side of the Atlantic Ocean. Europe had welcomed and accepted him, not as a mere spokesman and agent of the government at Philadelphia, but as the living and breathing embodiment of the American republic. No statesman would do business with anybody but Franklin. No financier would negotiate a loan except with him, or pay over money into other hands but his. "It was to Franklin that both the French and English ministries turned, as if he were not only the sole representative of the United States in Europe, but as if he were endowed with plenipotentiary power." Nine-tenths of the public letters addrest to the American Commissioners were brought to his home; "and" (so his colleagues admitted), "they would ever be carried wherever Doctor Franklin is." He transacted his affairs with Louis the Sixteenth's ministers on a footing of equality, and (as time went on), of unostentatious but unquestionable superiority. Thomas Jefferson, an impartial and most competent observer, had on one occasion been contending that American diplomatists were always spoiled for use after they had been kept seven years abroad. But this (said Jefferson) did not apply to Franklin, "who was America itself when in France, not subjecting himself to French influence," but imposing American influence upon France, and upon

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

the whole course and conduct of her national policy. . . .

His immense and (as he himself was the foremost to acknowledge) his extravagant popularity was founded on a solid basis of admiration and esteem. The origin of his fame dated from a time which seemed fabulously distant to the existing generation. His qualities and accomplishments were genuine and unpretentious; and his services to the world were appreciated by high and low, rich and poor, in every country where men learned from books, or profited by the discoveries of science. His *Poor Richard*—which expounded and elucidated a code of rules for the every-day conduct of life with sagacity that never failed, and wit that very seldom missed the mark—had been thrice translated into French, had gone through many editions, and had been recommended by priests and bishops for common use in their parishes and diocese. As an investigator, and an experimentalist, he was more widely known even than as an author; for he had always aimed at making natural philosophy the handmaid of material progress. Those homely and practical inventions by which he had done so much to promote the comfort and convenience of the average citizen, had caused him to be regarded as a public benefactor in every civilized community throughout the world. His reputation (so John Adams wrote) was more universal than that of Leibnitz or Newton. "His name was familiar to government and people, to foreign countries—to nobility, clergy, and philosophers, as well as to plebeians—to such a degree that there was scarcely a peasant or a citizen, a valet, coachman, or foot-

FRANKLIN IN FRANCE

man, a lady's chambermaid, or scullion in the kitchen, who did not consider him a friend to humankind." If Franklin, at seventy years of age, had visited France as a private tourist, his progress through her cities would have been one long ovation, and her enthusiasm transcended all bounds when, coming as an ambassador from a new world beyond the seas, he appealed to French chivalry on behalf of a young nation struggling for freedom. . . .

When he appeared in public he was drest in good broadcloth of a sober tint; conspicuous with his long straight hair, whitened by age, and not by art; and wearing a pair of spectacles to remedy an old man's dimness of vision, and a cap of fine marten's fur, because he had an old man's susceptibility to cold.

Franklin's costume had not been designed with any idea of pleasing the Parisians, but it obtained an extraordinary success, and has left a mark on history. Fine gentlemen, with their heads full of the new philosophy, regarded his unembroidered coat, and unpowdered locks, as a tacit, but visible, protest against those luxuries and artificialities which they all condemned, but had not the smallest intention of themselves renouncing. He reminded them of everything and everybody that Jean Jacques Rousseau had taught them to admire. The Comte de Segur declared that "Franklin's antique and patriarchal aspect seemed to transport into the midst of an enervated, and servile, civilization a Republican of Rome of the time of Cato and Fabius, or a sage who had consorted with Plato." Some compared him to Diogenes, and some to Phocion—about whom they can have

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

known very little; for, if Phocion had been a Pennsylvanian of Anno Domini 1776, he would, beyond all question, have been a strenuous and uncompromising supporter of the British connection. Readers of Emile, who then comprized three-fourths of the fashionable world, delighted to recognize in the American stranger an express and living image of the Savoyard Vicar; and it was believed, with some reason, that his views on religion nearly corresponded to those of Rousseau's famous ecclesiastic, altho Franklin would most certainly have compressed his profession of faith into much shorter compass. The great French ladies were attracted and fascinated by his quiet self-possession, his benign courtesy, and his playful, yet always rational, conversation. The ardor of Franklin's votaries sometimes manifested itself with an exuberance which made it difficult for him to keep his countenance.

THE BATTLES OF TRENTON AND PRINCETON

(1777)

BY WILLIAM E. H. LECKY¹

Nothing, indeed, could now have saved the American cause but the extraordinary skill and determination of its great leader, combined with the amazing incapacity of his opponents. There is no reason to doubt that Sir William Howe possessed in a fair measure the knowledge of the military profession which books could furnish, but not one gleam of energy or originality at this time broke the monotony of his career, and to the blunders of the Jersey campaign the loyalists mainly ascribed the ultimate success of the revolution. The same want of vigilance and enterprise that had suffered the Americans to seize Dorchester heights, and thus to compel the evacuation of Boston, the same want of vigilance and enterprise that had allowed them when totally defeated to escape from Long Island, still continued.

When Washington was flying rapidly from an overwhelming force under Lord Cornwallis, Howe ordered the troops to stop at Brunswick, where they remained inactive for nearly a week. In the that delay the destruction of the army of Wash-

¹ From Lecky's "American Revolution." Published by D. Appleton & Co. By arrangement with Mrs. Lecky and her late husband's English publishers, Longmans, Green & Co., and with D. Appleton & Co.

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

opinion of the best military authorities, but for ington was inevitable. The Americans were enabled to cross the Delaware safely because, owing to a long delay of the British general, the van of the British army only arrived at its bank just as the very last American boat was launched. Even then, had the British accelerated their passage, Philadelphia, the seat and center of the Revolutionary Government, would have certainly fallen. The army of Washington was utterly inadequate to defend it. A great portion of its citizens were thoroughly loyal. The Congress itself, when flying from Philadelphia, declared the impossibility of protecting it, and altho Washington had burnt or removed all the boats for many miles along the Delaware, there were fords higher up which might easily have been forced, and in Trenton itself, which was occupied by the English, there were ample supplies of timber to have constructed rafts for the army.

But Howe preferred to wait till the river was frozen, and in the meantime, tho his army was incomparably superior to that of Washington in numbers, arms, discipline, and experience, he allowed himself to undergo a humiliating defeat. His army was scattered over several widely separated posts, and Trenton, which was one of the most important on the Delaware, was left in the care of a large force of Hessians, whose discipline had been greatly relaxed. Washington perceived that unless he struck some brilliant blow before the close of the year, his cause was hopeless. The whole province was going over to the English. As soon as the river was frozen he expected them to cross in overwhelming numbers, and in a few days

TRENTON AND PRINCETON

he was likely to be almost without an army. At the end of the year the engagement of the greater part of his troops would expire, and on December 24 he wrote to the President of the Congress, "I have not the most distant prospect of retaining them a moment longer than the last of this month, notwithstanding the most pressing solicitations and the obvious necessity for it." Under these desperate circumstances he planned the surprise of Trenton. "Necessity," he wrote, "dire necessity, will, nay, must justify an attack." It was designed with admirable skill and executed with admirable courage. On the night of Christmas, 1776, Washington crossed the Delaware, surprised the German troops in the midst of their Christmas revelries, and with a loss of only two officers and two privates wounded, he succeeded in capturing 1,000 prisoners and in recrossing the river in safety.

The effect of this brilliant enterprise upon the spirits of the American army and upon the desponding, wavering, and hostile sentiments of the population was immediate. Philadelphia for the present was saved, and the Congress speedily returned to it. Immediately after the victory a large force of militia from Pennsylvania joined the camp of Washington, and at the end of December the disbandment of the continental troops, which a week before he had thought inevitable, had been in a great measure averted. "After much persuasion," he wrote, "and the exertions of their officers, half, or a greater proportion of those [the troops] from the eastward have consented to stay six weeks on a bounty of ten dollars. I feel the inconvenience of this advance, and I know the

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

consequences which will result from it, but what could be done? Pennsylvania had allowed the same to her militia; the troops felt their importance and would have their price. Indeed, as their aid is so essential and not to be dispensed with, it is to be wondered at, that they had not estimated it at a higher rate." "This I know is a most extravagant price when compared with the time of service, but . . . I thought it no time to stand upon trifles when a body of firm troops injured to danger was absolutely necessary to lead on the more raw and undisciplined."

No money was ever better employed. Recrossing the Delaware, Washington again occupied Trenton, and then, evading an overwhelming British force which was sent against him, he fell unexpectedly on Princeton and totally defeated three regiments that were posted there to defend it. The English fell back upon Brunswick, and the greater part of New Jersey was thus recovered by the Americans. A sudden revulsion of sentiments took place in New Jersey. The militia of the province were at last encouraged to take arms for Washington. Recruits began to come in. The manifest superiority of the American generalship and the disgraceful spectacle of a powerful army of European veterans abandoning a large tract of country before a ragged band of raw recruits much less numerous than itself, changed the calculations of the doubters, while a deep and legitimate indignation was created by the shameful outrages that were perpetrated by the British and German troops.

Unfortunately these outrages were no new thing. An ardent American loyalist of New York

TRENTON AND PRINCETON

complains that one of the first acts of the soldiers of General Howe when they entered that city was to break open and plunder the College library, the Subscription library, and the Corporation library, and to sell or destroy the books and philosophical apparatus; and he adds, with much bitterness, that during all the months that the rebels were in possession of New York no such outrage was perpetrated, that during a great part of that time the regular law courts had been open, and that they had frequently convicted American soldiers of petty larcenies, and punished them with the full approbation of their officers. In New Jersey the conduct of the English was at least as bad as at New York. A public library was burnt at Trenton. A college and a library were destroyed at Princeton, together with an orrery made by the illustrious Rittenhouse, and believed to be the finest in the world. Whigs and Tories were indiscriminately plundered. Written protections attesting the loyalty of the bearer were utterly disregarded, and men who had exposed themselves for the sake of England to complete ruin at the hands of their own countrymen, found themselves plundered by the troops of the very Power for which they had risked and sacrificed so much. Nor was this all.

A British army had fallen back before an army which was manifestly incomparably inferior to it, and had left the loyalists over a vast district at the mercy of their most implacable enemies. Numbers who had actively assisted the British were obliged to fly to New York, leaving their families and property behind them. Already loyalist risings had been suppressed in Maryland, in Dela-

TRENTON AND PRINCETON

ware, and in Carolina, and had been left unsupported by the British army. The abandonment of New Jersey completed the lesson. A fatal damp was thrown upon the cause of the loyalists in America from which it never wholly recovered.

THE DEFEAT OF BURGOYNE AT SARATOGA

(1777)

BY SIR EDWARD CREASY¹

The war which rent away the North American colonies from England is, of all subjects in history, the most painful for an Englishman to dwell on. It was commenced and carried on by the British ministry in iniquity and folly, and it was concluded in disaster and shame. But the contemplation of it can not be evaded by the historian, however much it may be abhorred. Nor can any military event be said to have exercised more important influence on the future fortunes of mankind than the complete defeat of Burgoyne's expedition in 1777; a defeat which rescued the revolted colonists from certain subjection, and which, by inducing the courts of France and Spain to attack England in their behalf, insured the independence of the United States, and the formation of that transatlantic power which not only America, but both Europe and Asia, now see and feel.

The English had a considerable force in Canada, and in 1776 had completely repulsed an attack which the Americans had made upon that province. The British ministry resolved to avail themselves, in the next year, of the advantage which the occu-

¹ From Creasy's "Decisive Battles."

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

pation of Canada gave them, not merely for the purpose of defense, but for the purpose of striking a vigorous and crushing blow against the revolted colonies. With this view the army in Canada was largely reenforced. Seven thousand veteran troops were sent out from England, with a corps of artillery, abundantly supplied and led by select and experienced officers. Large quantities of military stores were also furnished for the equipment of the Canadian volunteers, who were expected to join the expedition.

It was intended that the force thus collected should march southward by the line of the Lakes, and thence along the banks of the Hudson River. The British army from New York—or a large detachment of it—was to make a simultaneous movement northward, up the line of the Hudson, and the two expeditions were to unite at Albany, a town on that river. By these operations, all communication between the Northern colonies and those of the Center and South would be cut off. An irresistible force would be concentrated, so as to crush all further opposition in New England; and when this was done, it was believed that the other colonies would speedily submit. The Americans had no troops in the field that seemed able to baffle these movements. Their principal army, under Washington, was occupied in watching over Pennsylvania and the South.

Burgoyne had gained celebrity by some bold and dashing exploits in Portugal during the last war; he was personally as brave an officer as ever headed British troops, he had considerable skill as a tactician; and his general intellectual abilities and acquirements were of a high order. He had

BURGOYNE'S DEFEAT AT SARATOGA

several very able and experienced officers under him, among whom were Major-General Philips and Brigadier-General Frazer. His regular troops amounted, exclusively of the corps of artillery, to about seven thousand two hundred men, rank and file. Nearly half of these were Germans. . . .

Burgoyne reached the left bank of the Hudson River on July 30th. Hitherto he had overcome every difficulty which the enemy and the nature of the country had placed in his way. His army was in excellent order, and in the highest spirits, and the peril of the expedition seemed over when they were once on the bank of the river which was to be the channel of communication between them and the British army in the South. . . .

The astonishment and alarm which these events produced among the Americans were naturally great; but the colonists showed no disposition to submit. The local governments of the New England States, as well as the Congress, acted with vigor and firmness in their efforts to repel the enemy. General Gates was sent to take the command of the army at Saratoga; and Arnold, a favorite leader of the Americans, was dispatched by Washington to act under him, with reinforcements of troops and guns from the main American army.

Burgoyne's employment of the Indians now produced the worst possible effects. Tho he labored hard to check the atrocities which they were accustomed to commit, he could not prevent the occurrence of many barbarous outrages, repugnant both to the feelings of humanity and to the laws of civilized warfare. The American commanders took care that the reports of these

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

excesses should be circulated far and wide, well knowing that they would make the stern New Englanders, not droop, but rage. . . .

While resolute recruits, accustomed to the use of firearms, and all partially trained by service in the provincial militias, were thus flocking to the standard of Gates and Arnold at Saratoga, and while Burgoyne was engaged at Fort Edward in providing the means of the further advance of the army through the intricate and hostile country that still lay before him, two events occurred, in each of which the British sustained loss and the Americans obtained advantage, the moral effects of which were even more important than the immediate result of the encounters. When Burgoyne left Canada, General St. Leger was detached from that province with a mixed force of about one thousand men and some light field-pieces across Lake Ontario against Fort Stanwix,² which the Americans held. After capturing this, he was to march along the Mohawk River to its confluence with the Hudson, between Saratoga and Albany,³ where his force and that of Burgoyne's were to unite. But, after some successes, St. Leger was obliged to retreat, and to abandon his tents and large quantities of stores to the garrison.⁴

At the very time that General Burgoyne heard of this disaster he experienced one still more severe in the defeat of Colonel Baum, with a large de-

² Now Rome, Oneida County, New York.

³ At Cohoes, four miles above Albany.

⁴ Creasy does not mention here the battle of Oriskany which, combined with the unsuccessful siege of Fort Stanwix, obliged St. Leger and his Indians under Joseph Brant to return to Oswego.

BURGOYNE'S DEFEAT AT SARATOGA

tachment of German troops, at Bennington, whither Burgoyne had sent them for the purpose of capturing some magazines of provisions, of which the British army stood greatly in need. The Americans, augmented by continual accessions of strength, succeeded, after many attacks, in breaking this corps, which fled into the woods, and left its commander mortally wounded on the field: they then marched against a force of five hundred grenadiers and light infantry, which was advancing to Colonel Baum's assistance under Lieutenant-Colonel Breyman, who, after a gallant resistance, was obliged to retreat on the main army.⁵ The British loss in these two actions exceeded six hundred men; and a party of American loyalists, on their way to join the army, having attached themselves to Colonel Baum's corps, were destroyed with it.

Notwithstanding these reverses, which added greatly to the spirit and numbers of the American forces, Burgoyne determined to advance. It was impossible any longer to keep up his communications with Canada by way of the Lakes, so as to supply his army on his southward march; but having, by unremitting exertions, collected provisions for thirty days, he crossed the Hudson by means of a bridge of rafts, and, marching a short distance along its western bank, he encamped on September 14th on the heights of Saratoga, about sixteen miles from Albany. The Americans had fallen back from Saratoga, and were now strongly posted near Stillwater, about

⁵ It was at Bennington that General John Stark, at the beginning of the battle, made his famous remark, "We shall win this fight, or Molly Stark becomes a widow."

half way between Saratoga and Albany, and showed a determination to recede no farther.

Meanwhile Lord Howe, with the bulk of the British army that had lain at New York, had sailed away to the Delaware, and there commenced a campaign against Washington, in which the English general took Philadelphia, and gained other showy but unprofitable successes. But Sir Henry Clinton, a brave and skilful officer, was left with a considerable force at New York, and he undertook the task of moving up the Hudson to co-operate with Burgoyne. Clinton was obliged for this purpose to wait for reenforcements which had been promised from England, and these did not arrive till September. As soon as he received them, Clinton embarked about three thousand of his men on a flotilla, convoyed by some ships-of-war under Commander Hotham, and proceeded to force his way up the river.

The country between Burgoyne's position at Saratoga and that of the Americans at Stillwater was rugged, and seamed with creeks and water-courses; but, after great labor in making bridges and temporary causeways, the British army moved forward. About four miles from Saratoga, on the afternoon of September 19th, a sharp encounter took place between part of the English right wing, under Burgoyne himself, and a strong body of the enemy, under Gates and Arnold. The conflict lasted till sunset. The British remained masters of the field; but the loss on each side was nearly equal—from five to six hundred men—and the spirits of the Americans were greatly raised by having withstood the best regular troops of the English army.

BURGOYNE'S DEFEAT AT SARATOGA

Burgoyne now halted again, and strengthened his position by field-works and redoubts; and the Americans also improved their defenses. The two armies remained nearly within cannon-shot of each other for a considerable time, during which Burgoyne was anxiously looking for intelligence of the promised expedition from New York, which, according to the original plan, ought by this time to have been approaching Albany from the south. At last a messenger from Clinton made his way, with great difficulty, to Burgoyne's camp, and brought the information that Clinton was on his way up the Hudson to attack the American forts which barred the passage up that river to Albany. Burgoyne, in reply, stated his hopes that the promised cooperation would be speedy and decisive, and added that, unless he received assistance before October 10th, he would be obliged to retreat to the Lakes through want of provisions.

The Indians and Canadians now began to desert Burgoyne, while, on the other hand, Gates' army was continually reenforced by fresh bodies of the militia. Burgoyne's force was now reduced to less than six thousand men. The right of his camp was on high ground a little to the west of the river; thence his entrenchments extended along the lower ground to the bank of the Hudson, their line being nearly at a right angle with the course of the stream. The lines were fortified in the center and on the left with redoubts and field-works. The numerical force of the Americans was now greater than the British, even in regular troops, and the numbers of the militia and volunteers which had joined Gates and Arnold were greater still. . . .

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

It was on October 7th that Burgoyne led his column on to the attack; and on the preceding day, the 6th, Clinton had successfully executed a brilliant enterprise against the two American forts which barred his progress up the Hudson. He had captured them both, with severe loss to the American forces opposed to him; he had destroyed the fleet which the Americans had been forming on the Hudson, under the protection of their forts; and the upward river was laid open to his squadron. He was now only a hundred fifty-six miles distant from Burgoyne, and a detachment of one thousand seven hundred men actually advanced within forty miles of Albany. Unfortunately, Burgoyne and Clinton were each ignorant of the other's movements; but if Burgoyne had won his battle on the 7th, he must, on advancing, have soon learned the tidings of Clinton's success, and Clinton would have heard of his.

A junction would soon have been made of the two victorious armies, and the great objects of the campaign might yet have been accomplished. All depended on the fortune of the column with which Burgoyne, on the eventful October 7, 1777, advanced against the American position. There were brave men, both English and German, in its ranks; and, in particular, it comprized one of the best bodies of grenadiers in the British service.

Burgoyne's whole force was soon compelled to retreat toward their camp; the left and center were in complete disorder; but the light infantry and the Twenty-fourth checked the fury of the assailants, and the remains of Burgoyne's column with great difficulty effected their return to their camp, leaving six of their guns in the possession

BURGOYNE'S DEFEAT AT SARATOGA

of the enemy, and great numbers of killed and wounded on the field; and especially a large proportion of the artillerymen, who had stood to their guns until shot down or bayoneted beside them by the advancing Americans.

Burgoyne's column had been defeated, but the action was not yet over. The English had scarcely entered the camp, when the Americans, pursuing their success, assaulted it in several places with uncommon fierceness, rushing to the lines through a severe fire of grape-shot and musketry with the utmost fury. Arnold especially, who on this day appeared maddened with the thirst of combat and carnage, urged on the attack against a part of the entrenchments which was occupied by the light infantry under Lord Balcarras. But the English received him with vigor and spirit. The struggle here was obstinate and sanguinary. At length, as it grew toward evening, Arnold having forced all obstacles, entered the works with some of the most fearless of his followers. But in this critical moment of glory and danger, he received a painful wound in the same leg which had already been injured at the assault on Quebec. To his bitter regret, he was obliged to be carried back. His party still continued the attack; but the English also continued their obstinate resistance and at last night fell, and the assailants withdrew from this quarter of the British entrenchments. . . .

Burgoyne now took up his last position on the heights near Saratoga; and hemmed in by the enemy, who refused any encounter, and baffled in all his attempts at finding a path of escape, he there lingered until famine compelled him to capit-

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

ulate. The fortitude of the British army during this melancholy period has been justly eulogized by many native historians. . . .

The articles of capitulation were settled on October 15th, and on that very evening a messenger arrived from Clinton with an account of his successes, and with the tidings that part of his force had penetrated as far as Esopus, within fifty miles of Burgoyne's camp. But it was too late. The public faith was pledged; and the army was indeed too debilitated by fatigue and hunger to resist an attack, if made; and Gates certainly would have made it if the convention had been broken off. Accordingly, on the 17th, the Convention of Saratoga was carried into effect. . .

When the news of Saratoga reached Paris the whole scene was changed. Franklin and his brother-commissioners found all their difficulties with the French Government vanish. The time seemed to have arrived for the house of Bourbon to take a full revenge for all its humiliations and losses in previous wars. In December a treaty was arranged, and formally signed in the February following, by which France acknowledged the independent United States. This was, of course, tantamount to a declaration of war with England.

Spain soon followed France; and, before long, Holland took the same course. Largely aided by French fleets and troops, the Americans vigorously maintained the war against the armies which England, in spite of her European foes, continued to send across the Atlantic. The treaties of 1783 restored peace to the world; the independence of the United States was reluctantly recognized by their ancient parent and recent enemy.

JOHN PAUL JONES'S SEA FIGHT

(1779)

BY JOHN PAUL JONES¹

On the morning of that day, the 23d, the brig from Holland not being in sight, we chased a brigantine that appeared laying to to windward. About noon we saw and chased a large ship that appeared coming round Flamborough Head² from the northward, and at the same time I manned and armed one of the pilot boats to sail in pursuit of the brigantine, which now appeared to be the vessel that I had forced ashore. Soon after this a fleet of 41 sail appeared off Flamborough Head, bearing N.N.E. This induced me to abandon the single ship, which had then anchored in Burlington Bay. I also called back the pilot boat, and hoisted a signal for a general chase. When

¹ Jones wrote this account as his official report to Congress, sending it through Franklin, who then represented the Colonies in France. He wrote it on board the captured British ship *Serapis*, while she lay at anchor off Holland in October, 1779. The fight between the *Bonhomme Richard* and the *Serapis* had occurred in the North Sea late in September of this year, the *Serapis* being vastly the superior of Paul Jones's own ship. Jones gave the name *Bonhomme Richard* to his own ship—an old Indiaman—out of compliment to Franklin. The expense of his expedition had been borne by the King of France. After achieving his victory, Jones was received in France with much enthusiasm. The *Bonhomme Richard* sank the second morning after the battle.

² Flamborough Head lies on the east coast of England in Yorkshire. It is about forty miles north of Hull.

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

the fleet discovered us bearing down, all the merchant ships crowded sail toward the shore. The two ships of war that protected the fleet at the same time steered from the land, and made the disposition for the battle. In approaching the enemy, I crowded every possible sail, and made the signal for the line of battle, to which the *Alliance* showed no attention. Earnest as I was for the action, I could not reach the commodore's ship until seven in the evening. Being then within pistol shot, when he hailed the *Bon homme Richard*, we answered him by firing a whole broadside.

The battle, being thus begun, was continued with unremitting fury. Every method was practised on both sides to gain an advantage, and rake each other; and I must confess that the enemy's ship, being much more manageable than the *Bon homme Richard*, gained thereby several times an advantageous situation, in spite of my best endeavors to prevent it. As I had to deal with an enemy of *greatly superior force*, I was under the necessity of closing with him, to prevent the advantage which he had over me in point of maneuver. It was my intention to lay the *Bon homme Richard* athwart the enemy's bow, but, as that operation required great dexterity in the management of both sails and helm, and some of our braces being shot away, it did not exactly succeed to my wishes. The enemy's bowsprit, however, came over the *Bon homme Richard's* poop by the mizzen mast, and I made both ships fast together in that situation, which by the action of the wind on the enemy's sails forced her stern close to the *Bon homme Richard's* bow, so that the ships lay square

JOHN PAUL JONES'S SEA FIGHT

alongside of each other, the yards being all entangled, and the cannon of each ship touching the opponent's side.

When this position took place, it was 8 o'clock, previous to which the *Bon homme Richard* had received sundry eighteen-pounds shot below the water, and leaked very much. My battery of 12-pounders, on which I had placed my chief dependence, being commanded by Lieut. Dale and Col. Weibert, and manned principally with American seamen and French volunteers, were entirely silenced and abandoned. As to the six old eighteen-pounders that formed the battery of the lower gun-deck, they did no service whatever. Two out of three of them burst at the first fire, and killed almost all the men who were stationed to manage them. Before this time, too, Col. de Chamillard, who commanded a party of 20 soldiers on the poop, had abandoned that station after having lost some of his men. These men deserted their quarters.

I had now only two pieces of cannon, nine-pounders, on the quarter-deck, that were not silenced; and not one of the heavier cannon was fired during the rest of the action. The purser, Mr. Mease, who commanded the guns on the quarter deck, being dangerously wounded in the head, I was obliged to fill his place, and with great difficulty rallied a few men, and shifted over one of the lee quarter-deck guns, so that we afterward played three pieces of 9-pounders upon the enemy. The tops alone seconded the fire of this little battery, and held out bravely during the whole of the action, especially the main top, where Lieut. Stack commanded. I directed the fire of

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

one of the three cannon against the main-mast, with double-headed shot, while the other two were exceedingly well served with grape and canister shot to silence the enemy's musketry, and clear her decks, which was at last effected.

The enemy were, as I have since understood, on the instant of calling for quarters when the cowardice or treachery of three of my under officers induced them to call to the enemy. The English commodore asked me if I demanded quarters, and, I having answered him in the most determined negative, they renewed the battle with double fury. They were unable to stand the deck; but the fire of their cannon, especially the lower battery, which was entirely formed of 18-pounders, was incessant. Both ships were set on fire in various places, and the scene was dreadful beyond the reach of language. To account for the timidity of my three under officers,—I mean the gunner, the carpenter, and the master-at-arms,—I must observe that the two first were slightly wounded; and, as the ship had received various shots under water, and one of the pumps being shot away, the carpenter expressed his fear that she would sink, and the other two concluded that she was sinking, which occasioned the gunner to run aft on the poop without my knowledge to strike the colors. Fortunately for me, a cannon ball had done that before by carrying away the ensign staff. He was therefore reduced to the necessity of sinking, as he supposed, or of calling for quarter; and he preferred the latter.

All this time the *Bon homme Richard* had sustained the action alone, and the enemy, though much superior in force, would have been very

JOHN PAUL JONES'S SEA FIGHT

glad to have got clear, as appears by their own acknowledgments, and by their having let go an anchor the instant that I laid them on board, by which means they would have escaped, had I not made them well fast to the *Bon homme Richard*.

At last, at half-past 9 o'clock, the Alliance appeared, and I now thought the battle at an end; but, to my utter astonishment, he discharged a broadside full into the stern of the *Bon homme Richard*. We called to him for God's sake to forbear firing into the *Bon homme Richard*; yet he passed along the off side of the ship, and continued firing. There was no possibility of his mistaking the enemy's ship for the *Bon homme Richard*, the e being the most essential difference in their appearance and construction; besides, it was then full moonlight, and the sides of the *Bon homme Richard* were all black, while the sides of the prizes were yellow; yet, for the greater security, I shewed the signal of our reconnoissance by putting out three lanthorns, one at the head (bow), another at the stern, (quarter), and the third in the middle in a horizontal line.

Every tongue cried that he was firing into the wrong ship, but nothing availed. He passed round, firing into the *Bon homme Richard's* head, stern, and broadside; and by one of his volleys killed several of my best men, and mortally wounded a good officer on the forecastle. My situation was really deplorable. The *Bon homme Richard* received various shot under water from the *Alliance*, the leak gained on the pumps, and the fire increased much on board both ships. Some officers persuaded me to strike, of whose courage and good sense I entertain a high opinion. My treach-

erous master-at-arms let loose all my prisoners without my knowledge, and my prospect became gloomy indeed. I would not, however, give up the point. The enemy's main-mast began to shake, their firing decreased, ours increased, and the British colors were struck at half past 10 o'clock.

The prize proved to be the British ship of war the *Serapis*, a new ship of 44 guns, built on their most approved construction, with two complete batteries, one of them of 18-pounders, and commanded by the brave Commodore Richard Pearson. I had yet two enemies to encounter far more formidable than the Britons,—I mean fire and water. The *Serapis* was attacked only by the first, but the *Bon homme Richard* was assailed by both. There were five feet of water in the hold, and, though it was moderate from the explosion of so much gunpowder, yet the three pumps that remained could with difficulty only keep the water from gaining. The fire broke out in various parts of the ship, in spite of all the water that could be thrown to quench it, and at length broke out as low as the powder magazine, and within a few inches of the powder.

In that dilemma I took out the powder upon deck, ready to be thrown overboard at the last extremity; and it was ten o'clock the next day, the 24th, before the fire was entirely extinguished. With respect to the situation of the *Bon homme Richard*, the rudder was cut entirely off the stern frame, and the transoms were almost entirely cut away; the timbers, by the lower deck especially, from the mainmast to the stern, being greatly decayed with age, were mangled beyond my power of description; and a person must

JOHN PAUL JONES'S SEA FIGHT

have been an eye-witness to form a just idea of the tremendous scene of carnage, wreck, and ruin that everywhere appeared. Humanity can not but recoil from the prospect of such finished horror, and lament that war should produce such fatal consequences.

After the carpenters, as well as Capt. de Cotineau, and other men of sense, had well examined and surveyed the ship (which was not finished before five in the evening), I found every person to be convinced that it was impossible to keep the *Bon homme Richard* afloat so as to reach a port if the wind should increase, it being then only a very moderate breeze. I had but little time to remove my wounded, which now became unavoidable, and which was effected in the course of the night and next morning. I was determined to keep the *Bon homme Richard* afloat, and, if possible, to bring her into port. For that purpose the first lieutenant of the *Pallas* continued on board with a party of men to attend the pumps, with boats in waiting ready to take them on board in case the water should gain on them too fast. The wind augmented in the night and the next day, on the 25th, so that it was impossible to prevent the good old ship from sinking. They did not abandon her till after 9 o'clock. The water was then up to the lower deck, and a little after 10 I saw with inexpressible grief the last glimpse of the *Bon homme Richard*. No lives were lost with the ship, but it was impossible to save the stores of any sort whatever. I lost even the best part of my clothes, books, and papers; and several of my officers lost all their clothes and effects.

ARNOLD'S TREASON

(1780)

BY WILLIAM E. H. LECKY¹

In September, 1780, a terrible shock was given to the confidence of their army by the discovery of the treachery of Benedict Arnold. To anyone who attentively follows the letters of Washington, it will appear evident that there was no officer in the American army of whom for a long period he wrote in terms of higher, warmer, and more frequent eulogy. Arnold was in truth an eminently brave and skilful soldier, and in the early stages of the struggle his services had been of the most distinguished kind. In conjunction with Colonel Allen, he had obtained the first great success of the war by capturing Ticonderoga and Crown Point in the summer of 1775. He had fallen wounded leading the forlorn hope against Quebec on the memorable day on which Montgomery was killed. In the gallant stand that was made at Ticonderoga in October, 1776, he had been placed at the head of the American fleet, and his defense of Lake Champlain against overwhelming odds had been one of the most brilliant episodes of the whole American war. He took a leading part in the campaign which ended with the capitulation of Saratoga, led in

¹ From Lecky's "American Revolution." Published by D. Appleton & Co. By arrangement with Mrs. Lecky and her late husband's English publishers, Longmans, Green & Co., and with D. Appleton & Co.

ARNOLD'S TREASON

person that fierce attack on the British lines on October 7, 1777, which made the position of Burgoyne a hopeless one, was himself one of the first men to enter the British lines, and fell severely wounded at the head of his troops. No American soldier had shown a more reckless courage. Hardly any had displayed greater military skill or possest to a higher degree the confidence of the army; and if the wound he received near Saratoga had proved fatal, Benedict Arnold would have now ranked among the very foremost in the hagiology of American patriotism.

There were men, however, in Congress who greatly disliked him, and seemed to feel a peculiar pleasure in humiliating him; and in February, 1777, when Congress appointed five major-generals, Arnold was not on the list, tho every one of the officers appointed was his junior in standing. Washington was extremely displeased at this marked slight shown to one who, as he truly said, had "always distinguished himself as a judicious, brave officer, of great activity, enterprise, and perseverance." The letters of Arnold show how keenly he felt the wrong, and he spoke seriously of throwing up his commission, but was dissuaded by Washington. A few months later he displayed the most splendid daring in a skirmish with the English near Danbury, and his horse fell pierced by no less than nine bullets. Congress then granted him the promotion that had been hitherto withheld, and presented him with a horse as a token of his conspicuous gallantry, but he never regained his seniority.

The wound which he had received near Sara-

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

toga was painful and disabling, and he for a long time could only move about with assistance. Being incapable of taking an active part in the war, Washington placed him in command at Philadelphia after that city had been evacuated by the English, and he there fell under new and powerful influences. His first wife had died in the summer of 1775, when he was in the midst of his Northern campaign, and, in April, 1779, after a long courtship, he married Miss Shippen, a young lady of great beauty and attraction, who belonged to one of the leading families in Philadelphia, and to a family of Tory sympathies. He loved her deeply and faithfully, and there is something inexpressibly touching in the tender affection and the undeviating admiration for her husband, which she retained through all the vicissitudes of his dark and troubled life.

He mixt much in the best society at Philadelphia, and altho the more decided loyalists had been driven into exile, the social atmosphere was still very Tory, and many of the best and most respected citizens were secretly sighing for the overthrow of what they regarded as the revolutionary tyranny, and for a return to the settled condition of the past. He kept open house, plunged into expenses far greater than he could meet, and, like many other American officers, entered into several enterprises which were not military. He speculated largely. He took part in various commercial undertakings. He had shares in privateering expeditions, but his speculations do not appear to have been successful, and he was sinking rapidly into debt. Party spirit ran furiously at Philadelphia, and Arnold,

ARNOLD'S TREASON

who had nothing of the tact and self-control of Washington, soon made many enemies.

A long series of charges against him were laid before Congress, some of them deeply affecting his honor, and amounting to little short of an imputation of swindling, while others were of the most trivial description. Congress referred the matter to a committee, which reported in favor of Arnold; but, in spite of this report, Congress insisted on sending Arnold, on some of the charges, before a court-martial. The proceedings were greatly delayed, and nearly a year passed between the promulgation of the charges and the final decision, and during all this time the commander of the chief town in the States, and one of the most distinguished generals in the American service, was kept in a condition of the most painful and humiliating suspense. He resented it fiercely, and was little mollified by the result of the court-martial. On all the graver charges he was acquitted, and he was condemned only on two counts of the most petty character. He had exceeded his powers in giving a passport to a vessel containing American property which was in Philadelphia while that town was occupied by the English, and he had, on one occasion, employed public wagons to convey some of his private property. This, the court-martial said, ought not to have been done, tho Arnold had no design of employing the wagons otherwise than at his own private expense, nor of defrauding the public, nor of injuring or impeding the public service." For these two offenses he was condemned to the great humiliation of a formal and a public reprimand.

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

Washington, who was obliged to execute the sentence of the court-martial, did the utmost in his power to mitigate the blow, and nothing could be more skilful than the language with which he made his reprimand the vehicle of a high eulogy on the services and the character of Arnold.² While the sentence of the court-martial was in suspense, another stroke had fallen which affected both his fortune and his reputation. During his command in Canada, he had often acted as commissary and quartermaster. Much public money had passed through his hands, and he had large claims upon Congress. His accounts were examined at great length, and after great delay, by the Board of Treasury and by a committee of Congress, they were found to be in much confusion, which was possibly due to the hurry and turmoil of an active campaign, and a large part of the claims of Arnold were disallowed. How far the sentence was just, it is now impossible to say. . . .

Early in 1779 he had sent some letters to Clinton under the name of Gustavus, in which, without revealing his name or his rank, and without making any positive overtures, he had exprest

² Washington's words to Arnold were these: "Our profession is the chastest of all. The shadow of a fault tarnishes our most brilliant actions. The least inadvertence may cause us to lose that public favor which is so hard to be gained. I reprimand you for having forgotten that in proportion as you had rendered yourself formidable to our enemies, you should have shown moderation toward our citizens. Exhibit again those splendid qualities which have placed you in the rank of our most distinguished generals. As far as it shall be in my power, I will myself furnish you with opportunities for regaining the esteem which you have formerly enjoyed."

ARNOLD'S TREASON

his dislike to the French alliance, and had from time to time given the British commander pieces of authentic intelligence. On the English side the correspondence was chiefly conducted under a false name by Major André, the Adjutant General of the British army, a young officer of singular promise and popularity. After the sentence of the court-martial, Arnold appears at last to have fully determined to go over to the English, and he was equally determined not to go over as a mere insignificant and isolated individual. Ambition, cupidity, and revenge must all be gratified. At Saratoga he had done much to ruin the British cause. He would now undo, and more than undo, his work, annihilate by an act of skilful treachery the only considerable army in the North, restore America to peace and to British rule, and make himself the Monk of the Revolution.

Few great plots have more nearly succeeded. Tho there had been murmurs about the leniency of Arnold to Tories and about the admission of Tories into his society, his fidelity to the American cause seems to have been quite unsuspected, and Washington especially looked upon him with the most perfect confidence. On the plea that his wound was not yet sufficiently cured, Arnold excused himself from serving actively with Washington in the field, but he asked for and easily obtained the command of West Point, which included all the American forts in the highlands, and was the essential key of the whole American position. He arrived at West Point in the first week of August, and lost very little time in concerting with Clinton for a surrender of the post to the British.

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

Clinton has been absurdly blamed for listening to these overtures, but he only acted as any general of any nation would have acted, and he would have deserved the gravest censure if he had neglected such an opportunity of bringing to an end the desolation and the bloodshed of the war. It was necessary to send a confidential agent to arrange the details of the surrender and the terms of the bargain, and this task was committed to André. Arnold invited him to come within the American lines, but both Clinton and André himself positively declined the proposal, and Clinton was determined that nothing should be done that could bring André under the category of a spy. A British sloop called the *Vulture*, with André on board, sailed up the Hudson River to within a few miles of the American camp; and Washington having just left the camp on a visit to the French commander at Hartford, a boat, with muffled oars, was sent by Arnold a little before midnight to the *Vulture* to bring André to shore. The boatmen were wholly ignorant of the nature of their mission. They were furnished with a passport authorizing them to pass freely with a flag of truce, but they were told that it was of public interest that the expedition should be secret.

Arnold and André met at a lonely spot on the bank of the river.³ The meeting was on the night of September 21. André wore his uniform, covered by a blue great-coat, and the spot where the interview took place was outside the American lines, so that if they had been arrested there,

³ In the Joshua Smith house, on the west bank of the Hudson at a place still called Treason Hill.

ARNOLD'S TREASON

André could not have been treated otherwise than as a prisoner of war. The nights, however, were still short, and the daylight having dawned before the affair was fully arranged, it became necessary either to leave it unfinished and risk the dangers of a second interview, or else to seek some place of concealment. Arnold then induced André to enter the American lines and take shelter in the house of a man named Smith, who was devoted to the American General, and who had already been employed to bring André to shore. He remained there during the day, and in the evening, all being arranged, André prepared to return.

In the meantime, however, the *Vulture* had been noticed with suspicion by the American soldiers, and had been compelled to change her position in consequence of a cannon which was brought to bear on her. The risk of carrying André back by water was so great that Smith refused to incur it, and the only chance of safety was to return by land to New York, a distance of about thirty miles. To accomplish this object André exchanged his British uniform for a civilian's dress; he obtained from Arnold a pass enabling him under the name of John Anderson to traverse the American lines, and he concealed in his boots unsigned papers written by Arnold containing such full and detailed information as would enable Clinton without difficulty to seize the fortifications of West Point. On the evening of the 22d he passed the American lines in safety under the guidance of Smith, and slept in a house beyond them, and the next day he set out alone to complete his journey. It is strange to think

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

how largely the course of modern history depended upon that solitary traveler, for had André reached New York, the plot would almost certainly have succeeded, and the American Revolution been crushed. He had not, however, proceeded far, when he was stopt by three young men, who were playing cards near the road.⁴ They have been called militiamen, but appear, according to better accounts, to have been members of a party who were engaged in cattle stealing for their own benefit. Had André produced at once his pass, he would probably have been allowed to proceed in safety, but in the confusion of the moment he believed that the men were British, and he proclaimed himself a British officer. Finding his mistake, he then produced his pass, but his captors at once proceeded to search him, and tho they found little or no money, they discovered the papers in his boots, and altho André promised that they would obtain a large reward if they released him, or took him to New York, they determined to carry him to the nearest American outpost. Colonel Jamieson, who commanded there, recognized the handwriting of Arnold, but he did not realize the treachery of his chief, and he sent a letter to Arnold, informing him that papers of a very compromising character had been found on a person just arrested, who carried a pass signed by the General. The papers were sent on to Washington, who was now returning from Hartford.

Arnold was expecting the arrival of Washing-

⁴ A monument on Broadway, in Tarrytown, New York, now marks the place where André was stopt.

ARNOLD'S TREASON

ton, and his house⁵ was filled with company when the letter, announcing the arrest of André, arrived. For a moment he is said to have changed countenance, but he quickly recovered himself, rose from the table, and telling his guests that he had an immediate call to visit one of the forts at the opposite side of the river, he ordered a horse to be at once brought to the door. He called his wife upstairs, and, after a short interview, left her in a fainting condition, mounted his horse, galloped at full speed down the steep descent to the river, and, springing into a barge, ordered the boatmen to row him to the middle of the stream. They obeyed his command, and he then told them to row swiftly to the *Vulture*. He was going there, he said, with a flag of truce, and as he must be back in time to receive Washington, there was not a moment to be lost. As he passed the American batteries he waved a white handkerchief as a sign of truce, and in a short time, and before any rumors of his treason were abroad, he stood on the deck under the British flag.

⁵ The Robinson house, opposite West Point, burned a few years ago.

THE EXECUTION OF ANDRÉ

(1780)

I

BY GEN. WILLIAM HEATH¹

October 2d.—Major André is no more among the living. I have just witnessed his exit.² It was a tragical scene of the deepest interest. During his confinement and trial, he exhibited those proud and elevated sensibilities which designate greatness and dignity of mind. Not a murmur or a sigh ever escaped him, and the civilities and attentions bestowed on him were politely acknowledged.

Having left a mother and two sisters in England, he was heard to mention them in terms of the tenderest affection, and in his letter to Sir Henry Clinton, he recommends them to his particular attention.

¹ General Heath, a witness of the hanging of André, had been assigned to the command of the Hudson River posts in 1779, and except for a short interval, remained there until the close of the war. His memoirs were published in 1798 by authority of Congress.

² The hanging of André took place at Tappan, a hamlet in Rockland County, N. Y., south of Nyack. A monument, erected there by Cyrus W. Field, was several times partly destroyed and then restored. It is now more than twenty years since it was last molested. A monument to André stands in Westminster Abbey, London.

THE EXECUTION OF ANDRÉ

The principal guard officer who was constantly in the room with the prisoner, relates that when the hour of his execution was announced to him in the morning, he received it without emotion, and while all present were affected with silent gloom, he retained a firm countenance, with calmness and composure of mind. Observing his servant enter the room in tears, he exclaimed, "Leave me till you can show yourself more manly."

His breakfast being sent to him from the table of General Washington, which had been done every day of his confinement, he partook of it as usual, and having shaved and drest himself, he placed his hat on the table, and cheerfully said to the guard officers, "I am ready at any moment, gentlemen, to wait on you."

The fatal hour having arrived, a large detachment of troops was paraded, and an immense concourse of people assembled; almost all our general and field officers, excepting his Excellency and his staff, were present on horseback; melancholy and gloom pervaded all ranks, and the scene was affectingly awful. I was so near during the solemn march to the fatal spot, as to observe every movement, and share in every emotion which the sad scene was calculated to produce.

Major André walked from the stone house, in which he had been confined, between two of our subaltern officers, arm in arm; the eyes of the immense multitude were fixt on him, who, rising superior to the fears of death, appeared as if conscious of the dignity which he displayed.

He betrayed no want of fortitude, but retained

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

a complacent smile on his countenance, and politely bowed to several gentlemen whom he knew, which was respectfully returned. It was his earnest desire to be shot, as being the mode of death most fitting to the feelings of a military man, and he had indulged the hope that his request would be granted.

At the moment, therefore, when suddenly he came in view of the gallows, he involuntarily started backward, and made a pause. "Why this emotion, sir," said an officer by his side? Instantly recovering his composure, he said, "I am reconciled to my death, but I detest the mode." While waiting and standing near the gallows, I observed some degree of trepidation; placing his foot on a stone, and rolling it over and choking in his throat, as if attempting to swallow.

So soon, however, as he perceived that things were in readiness, he stepped quickly into the wagon, and at this moment he appeared to shrink, but instantly elevating his head with firmness, he said, "It will be but a momentary pang," and he took from his pocket two white handkerchiefs; the provost marshal with one loosely pinned his arms, and with the other, the victim, after taking off his hat and stock, bandaged his own eyes with perfect firmness, which melted the hearts, and moistened the cheeks, not only of his servant, but of the throng of spectators.

When the rope was appended to the gallows, he slipped the noose over his head and adjusted it to his neck, without the assistance of the awkward executioner. Colonel Scammel now informed him that he had an opportunity to speak, if he desired it; he raised the handkerchief from

THE EXECUTION OF ANDRÉ

his eyes and said, "I pray you to bear me witness that I meet my fate like a brave man."

The wagon being now removed from under him, he was suspended and instantly expired; it proved indeed "but a momentary pang." He was drest in his royal regimentals and boots, and his remains, in the same dress, were placed in an ordinary coffin, and interred at the foot of the gallows; and the spot was consecrated by the tears of thousands. Thus died in the bloom of life, the accomplished Major André, the pride of the royal army.

II

THE HISTORIAN LECKY'S VIEW¹

The execution of Major André is, indeed, one of the saddest episodes of the American war, and in the judgment of many it left a deep stain on the reputation of Washington. The victim was well fitted to attract to himself a halo of romantic interest. Tho only twenty-nine, he had had already shown the promise of a brilliant military career. He was a skilful artist; and the singular charm of his conversation, and the singular beauty of his frank, generous, and amiable character, endeared him to all with whom he came in contact, and was acknowledged by no one more fully than by those American officers

¹ From Lecky's "American Revolution." Published by D. Appleton & Co. By permission of Mrs. Lecky and her late husband's English publishers, Longmans, Green & Co., and of D. Appleton & Co.

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

with whom he spent the last sad days of his life. Nothing could be more dignified, more courageous, more candid, and at the same time more free from everything like boasting or ostentation, than his conduct under the terrible trial that had fallen upon him, and it is even now impossible to read without emotion those last letters in which he commended to his country and his old commander the care of his widowed mother, and asked Washington to grant him a single favor—that he might die the death of a soldier and not of a spy.

At the same time it is but justice to remember that he suffered under the unanimous sentence of a board consisting of fourteen general officers, and that two of these—Steuben and Lafayette—were not Americans. Nor can the justice of the sentence in my opinion be reasonably impugned. An enemy who was in the camp for the purpose of plotting with the commander for a corrupt surrender, and who passed through the lines in a civilian dress, under a false name, and with papers conveying military intelligence to the enemy, did unquestionably, according to the laws of war, fall under the denomination of a spy, and the punishment awarded to spies was universally recognized and had been inflicted by both sides in the present war.

The argument by which the English commander endeavored to evade the conclusion seems to me destitute of all real force. Arnold, he said, whatever might be his faults, was undoubtedly the duly constituted commander at West Point. Everything André did was done at his invitation or under his direction. As general he had a full

THE EXECUTION OF ANDRÉ

right to give passes; and a British officer who landed under a flag of truce which he had given, who came to the camp at his request, who left it with his pass, and who, even in assuming a false name, was only acting by his direction, could not, according to the general custom and usage of nations, be treated as a spy. The obvious answer was that Arnold was at this time deliberately plotting the destruction of the Government which employed him, and that no acts which he performed with that object and for the purpose of sheltering an active colleague, could have any binding force as against the Government which he betrayed. As a matter of strict right, the American sentence against André appears to me unassailable, and it is only on grounds of mercy and magnanimity that it can be questioned.

THE CAPTURE OF VINCENNES

(1779)

.GEORGE ROGERS CLARK'S OWN ACCOUNT¹

Everything being ready, on the 5th of February, after receiving a lecture and absolution from the priest, we crossed the Kaskaskia River with one hundred and seventy men, marched about three miles and encamped, where we lay until the 7th, and set out. The weather wet (but fortunately not cold for the season), and a great part of the plains under water several inches deep. It was difficult and very fatiguing marching. . . .

Crossing a narrow deep lake in the canoes, and marching some distance, we came to a copse of timber called the Warrior's Island. We were now in full view of the fort and town, not a shrub between us, at about two miles' distance. Every man now feasted his eyes, and forgot that he had suffered anything, saying that all that had

¹ From Clark's "Memoirs." Historians are in agreement as to the importance of Clark's expedition. It was not only an act of heroism scarcely surpassed by any act of the Revolution, but secured for the future Republic all that country north and west of the Ohio River, of which Clark became master by conquest. At the close of the war territory as far west as the Mississippi was thus held by the colonies, so that they were able to retain it under the treaty of Paris. Otherwise, the Ohio instead of the Mississippi would have

THE CAPTURE OF VINCENNES

passed was owing to good policy and nothing but what a man could bear; and that a soldier had no right to think, etc.,—passing from one extreme to another, which is common in such cases. It was now we had to display our abilities. The plain between us and the town was not a perfect level. The sunken grounds were covered with water full of ducks. . . .

Our situation was now truly critical—no possibility of retreating in case of defeat, and in full view of a town that had, at this time, upward of six hundred men in it—troops, inhabitants, and Indians. The crew of the galley, tho not fifty men, would have been now a reenforcement of immense magnitude to our little army (if I may so call it), but we would not think of them. We were now in the situation that I had labored to get ourselves in. The idea of being made prisoner was foreign to almost every man, as they expected nothing but torture from the savages, if they fell into their hands. Our fate was now to be determined, probably in a few hours. We knew that nothing but the most daring conduct would insure success. I knew that a number of

been made our western boundary. The account here given was written by Clark at the special request of Jefferson and Madison.

Clark's services have been universally recognized in late years, but for a long period they were well-nigh forgotten. He spent his last years near Louisville, alone, and lived in poverty. Near the end of his life the State of Virginia, in which he was born, sent him a sword. On receiving it, he is said to have exclaimed: "When Virginia needed a sword I gave her one. She now sends me a toy when I need bread!" He thereupon thrust the sword into the ground and broke it with his crutch. Clark's account has been reprinted in "Old South Leaflets."

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

the inhabitants wished us well, that many were lukewarm to the interest of either, and I also learned that the grand chief, the Tobacco's son, had but a few days before openly declared, in council with the British, that he was a brother and friend to the Big Knives. These were favorable circumstances; and, as there was but little probability of our remaining until dark undiscovered, I determined to begin the career immediately, and wrote the following placard to the inhabitants:

"To the Inhabitants of Post Vincennes.

"Gentlemen: Being now within two miles of your village, with my army, determined to take your fort this night, and not being willing to surprize you, I take this method to request such of you as are true citizens and willing to enjoy the liberty I bring you to remain still in your houses; and those, if any there be, that are friends to the king will instantly repair to the fort, and join the hair-buyer general, and fight like men. And, if any such as do not go to the fort shall be discovered afterward, they may depend on severe punishment. On the contrary, those who are true friends to liberty may depend on being well treated; and I once more request them to keep out of the streets. For every one I find in arms on my arrival I shall treat him as an enemy.

"(Signed)

G. R. CLARK."

. . . We anxiously viewed this messenger until he entered the town, and in a few minutes could discover by our glasses some stir in every street that we could penetrate into,

THE CAPTURE OF VINCENNES

and great numbers running or riding out into the commons, we supposed, to view us, which was the case. But what surprized us was that nothing had yet happened that had the appearance of the garrison being alarmed—no drum nor gun. We began to suppose that the information we got from our prisoners was false, and that the enemy knew of us, and were prepared. . . . A little before sunset we moved, and displayed ourselves in full view of the town, crowds gazing at us. We were plunging ourselves into certain destruction or success. There was no midway thought of. . . .

The firing now commenced on the fort, but they did not believe it was an enemy until one of their men was shot down through a port, as drunken Indians frequently saluted the fort after night. The drums now sounded, and the business fairly commenced on both sides. Reenforcements were sent to the attack of the garrison, while other arrangements were making in town. . . . We now found that the garrison had known nothing of us; that, having finished the fort that evening, they had amused themselves at different games, and had just retired before my letter arrived, as it was near roll-call. The placard being made public, many of the inhabitants were afraid to show themselves out of the houses for fear of giving offense, and not one dare give information. Our friends flew to the commons and other convenient places to view the pleasing sight. . . .

“The garrison was soon completely surrounded, and the firing continued without intermission (except about fifteen minutes a little before day) until

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

about nine o'clock the following morning. It was kept up by the whole of the troops, joined by a few of the young men of the town, who got permission, except fifty men kept as a reserve. . . . I had made myself fully acquainted with the situation of the fort and town and the parts relative to each. The cannon of the garrison was on the upper floors of strong blockhouses at each angle of the fort, eleven feet above the surface, and the ports so badly cut that many of our troops lay under the fire of them within twenty or thirty yards of the walls. They did no damage, except to the buildings of the town, some of which they much shattered; and their musketry, in the dark, employed against woodsmen covered by houses, palings, ditches, the banks of the river, etc., was but of little avail, and did no injury to us except wounding a man or two. . . .

Sometimes an irregular fire, as hot as possible, was kept up from different directions for a few minutes, and then only a continual scattering fire at the ports as usual; and a great noise and laughter immediately commenced in different parts of the town, by the reserved parties, as if they had only fired on the fort a few minutes for amusement, and as if those continually firing at the fort were only regularly relieved. Conduct similar to this kept the garrison constantly alarmed. They did not know what moment they might be stormed or [blown up?], as they could plainly discover that we had flung up some entrenchments across the streets, and appeared to be frequently very busy under the bank of the river, which was within thirty feet of the walls. The situation of the magazine we knew well. Captain Bowman

THE CAPTURE OF VINCENNES

began some works in order to blow it up, in case our artillery should arrive; but, as we knew that we were daily liable to be overpowered by the numerous bands of Indians on the river, in case they had again joined the enemy (the certainty of which we were unacquainted with), we resolved to lose no time, but to get the fort in our possession as soon as possible. If the vessel did not arrive before the ensuing night, we resolved to undermine the fort, and fixt on the spot and plan of executing this work, which we intended to commence the next day.

A little before day the troops were withdrawn from their positions about the fort, except a few parties of observation, and the firing totally ceased. Orders were given, in case of Lamotte's approach, not to alarm or fire on him without a certainty of killing or taking the whole. In less than a quarter of an hour, he passed within ten feet of an officer and a party that lay concealed. Ladders were flung over to them; and, as they mounted them, our party shouted. Many of them fell from the top of the walls—some within, and others back; but, as they were not fired on, they all got over, much to the joy of their friends. But, on considering the matter, they must have been convinced that it was a scheme of ours to let them in, and that we were so strong as to care but little about them or the manner of their getting into the garrison. . . .

The firing immediately commenced on both sides with double vigor; and I believe that more noise could not have been made by the same number of men. Their shouts could not be heard for the firearms; but a continual blaze was kept

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

around the garrison, without much being done, until about daybreak, when our troops were drawn off to posts prepared for them, about sixty or seventy yards from the fort. A loophole then could scarcely be darkened but a rifle-ball would pass through it. To have stood to their cannon would have destroyed their men, without a probability of doing much service. Our situation was nearly similar. It would have been imprudent in either party to have wasted their men, without some decisive stroke required it.

Thus the attack continued until about 9 o'clock on the morning of the 24th I sent a flag (with a letter) demanding the garrison. . . .

We met at the church, about eighty yards from the fort, Lieutenant Governor Hamilton, Major Hay, superintendent of Indian affairs, Captain Helm, their prisoner, Major Bowman, and myself. The conference began. Hamilton produced terms of capitulation, signed, that contained various articles, one of which was that the garrison should be surrendered on their being permitted to go to Pensacola on parole. After deliberating on every article, I rejected the whole. He then wished that I would make some proposition. I told him that I had no other to make than what I had already made—that of his surrendering as prisoners at discretion. . . .

We took our leave, and parted but a few steps, when Hamilton stopt, and politely asked me if I would be so kind as to give him my reasons for refusing the garrison any other terms than those I had offered. I told him I had no objections in giving him my real reasons, which were simply these: that I knew the greater part

THE CAPTURE OF VINCENNES

of the principal Indian partizans of Detroit were with him; that I wanted an excuse to put them to death or otherwise treat them as I thought proper; that the cries of the widows and the fatherless on the frontiers, which they had occasioned, now required their blood from my hand, and that I did not choose to be so timorous as to disobey the absolute commands of their authority, which I looked upon to be next to divine; that I would rather lose fifty men than not to empower myself to execute this piece of business with propriety; that, if he chose to risk the massacre of his garrison for their sakes, it was his own pleasure; and that I might, perhaps, take it into my head to send for some of those widows to see it executed. . . .

From that moment my resolutions changed respecting Hamilton's situation. I told him that we would return to our respective posts; that I would reconsider the matter, and let him know the result. No offensive measures should be taken in the meantime. Agreed to; and we parted. What had passed being made known to our officers, it was agreed that we should moderate our resolutions.

The business being now nearly at an end, troops were posted in several strong houses around the garrison and patrolled during the night to prevent any deception that might be attempted. The remainder on duty lay on their arms, and for the first time for many days past got some rest. . . . During the siege, I got only one man wounded. Not being able to lose many, I made them secure themselves well. Seven were badly wounded in the fort through ports.

THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS

(1781)

CORNWALLIS'S OWN ACCOUNT¹

I have the mortification to inform your Excellency that I have been forced to give up the posts of York and Gloucester, and to surrender the troops under my command, by capitulation, on the 19th instant, as prisoners of war to the combined forces of America and France.

I never saw this post in a very favorable light, but when I found I was to be attacked in it in so unprepared a state, by so powerful an army and artillery, nothing but the hopes of relief would have induced me to attempt its defense, for I would either have endeavored to escape to New York by rapid marches from the Gloucester side, immediately on the arrival of General Washington's troops at Williamsburg, or I would, notwithstanding the disparity of numbers, have attacked them in the open field, where it might have been just possible that fortune would have favored the gallantry of the handful of troops under my command; but being assured by your Excellency's letters that every possible means would be tried by the navy and army to relieve us, I could not think myself at liberty to venture upon either of these desperate attempts; therefore, after remaining for two days in a strong

¹ From his official report, dated Yorktown, Va., October 20, 1781.

THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS

position in front of this place in hopes of being attacked, upon observing that the enemy were taking measures which could not fail of turning my left flank in a short time, and receiving on the second evening your letter of September 24th, informing me that the relief would sail about October 5th, I withdrew within the works on the night of September 29th, hoping by the labor and firmness of the soldiers to protract the defense until you could arrive. Everything was to be expected from the spirit of the troops, but every disadvantage attended their labor, as the works were to be continued under the enemy's fire, and our stock of entrenching tools, which did not much exceed four hundred when we began to work in the latter end of August, was now much diminished.

The enemy broke ground on the night of the 30th, and constructed on that night, and the two following days and nights, two redoubts, which, with some works that had belonged to our outward position, occupied a gorge between two creeks or ravines which come from the river on each side of the town. On the night of October 6th they made their first parallel, extending from its right on the river to a deep ravine on the left, nearly opposite to the center of this place, and embracing our whole left at a distance of six hundred yards. Having perfected this parallel, their batteries opened on the evening of the 9th against our left, and other batteries fired at the same time against a redoubt advanced over the creek upon our right, and defended by about a hundred and twenty men of the Twenty-third regiment and marines, who maintained that post with

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

uncommon gallantry. The fire continued incessant from heavy cannon, and from mortars and howitzers throwing shells from 8 to 16 inches, until all our guns on the left were silenced, our work much damaged, and our loss of men considerable. On the night of the 11th they began their second parallel, about three hundred yards nearer to us. The troops being much weakened by sickness, as well as by the fire of the besiegers, and observing that the enemy had not only secured their flanks, but proceeded in every respect with the utmost regularity and caution, I could not venture so large sorties as to hope from them any considerable effect, but otherwise I did everything in my power to interrupt this work by opening new embrasures for guns and keeping up a constant fire from all the howitzers and small mortars that we could man. . . .

This action, tho extremely honorable to the officers and soldiers who executed it, proved of little public advantage, for the cannon, having been spiked in a hurry, were soon rendered fit for service again, and before dark the whole parallel and batteries appeared to be nearly complete. At this time we knew that there was no part of the whole front attacked on which we could show a single gun, and our shells were nearly expended. I therefore had only to choose between preparing to surrender next day or endeavoring to get off with the greatest part of the troops, and I determined to attempt the latter.

In this situation, with my little force divided, the enemy's batteries opened at daybreak. The passage between this place and Gloucester was much exposed, but the boats, having now re-

THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS

turned, they were ordered to bring back the troops that had passed during the night, and they joined us in the forenoon without much loss. Our works, in the mean time, were going to ruin, and not having been able to strengthen them by an abatis, nor in any other manner but by a slight fraising, which the enemy's artillery were demolishing whenever they fired, my opinion entirely coincided with that of the engineer and principal officers of the army, that they were in many places assailable in the forenoon, and that by the continuance of the same fire for a few hours longer they would be in such a state as to render it desperate, with our numbers, to attempt to maintain them. We at that time could not fire a single gun; only one 8-inch and little more than one hundred Cohorn shells remained. A diversion by the French ships-of-war that lay at the mouth of York River was to be expected.

Our numbers had been diminished by the enemy's fire, but particularly by sickness, and the strength and spirits of those in the works were much exhausted by the fatigue of constant watching and unremitting duty. Under all these circumstances I thought it would have been wanton and inhuman to the last degree to sacrifice the lives of this small body of gallant soldiers, who had ever behaved with so much fidelity and courage, by exposing them to an assault which, from the numbers and precautions of the enemy, could not fail to succeed. I therefore proposed to capitulate; and I have the honor to enclose to your excellency the copy of the correspondence between General Washington and me.

WASHINGTON'S SERVICES IN THE WAR

BY WILLIAM E. H. LECKY¹

To the appointment of Washington, far more than to any other single circumstance, is due the ultimate success of the American Revolution, tho in purely intellectual powers, Washington was certainly inferior to Franklin, and perhaps to two or three other of his colleagues. There is a theory which once received the countenance of some considerable physiologists, tho it is now, I believe, completely discarded, that one of the great lines of division among man may be traced to the comparative development of the cerebrum and the cerebellum. To the first organ it was supposed belong those special gifts or powers which make men poets, orators, thinkers, artists, conquerors, or wits. To the second belong the superintending, restraining, discerning, and directing faculties which enable men to employ their several talents with sanity and wisdom, which maintain the balance and the proportion of intellect and character, and make sound judgments and well-regulated lives. The theory, however untrue in its physiological aspect, corresponds to a real distinction in human minds and characters, and it

¹ From Lecky's "American Revolution." Published by D. Appleton & Co. By permission of Mrs. Lecky and her late husband's English publishers, Longmans, Green & Co., and of D. Appleton & Co.

WASHINGTON'S SERVICES

was especially in the second order of faculties that Washington excelled. His mind was not quick or remarkably original. His conversation had no brilliancy or wit. He was entirely without the gift of eloquence, and he had very few accomplishments. He knew no language but his own, and except for a rather strong turn for mathematics, he had no taste which can be called purely intellectual. There was nothing in him of the meteor or the cataract, nothing that either dazzled or overpowered. A courteous and hospitable country gentleman, a skilful farmer, a very keen sportsman, he probably differed little in tastes and habits from the better members of the class to which he belonged; and it was in a great degree in the administration of a large estate and in assiduous attention to county and provincial business that he acquired his rare skill in reading and managing men.

As a soldier the circumstances of his career brought him into the blaze, not only of domestic, but of foreign criticism, and it was only very gradually that his superiority was fully recognized. Lee, who of all American soldiers had seen most service in the English army, and Conway, who had risen to great repute in the French army, were both accustomed to speak of his military talents with extreme disparagement; but personal jealousy and animosity undoubtedly colored their judgments. Kalb, who had been trained in the best military schools of the Continent, at first pronounced him to be very deficient in the strength, decision, and promptitude of a general; and, altho he soon learned to form the highest estimate of his military capacity, he continued to lament that an

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

excessive modesty led him too frequently to act upon the opinion of inferior men, rather than upon his own most excellent judgment. In the army and the Congress more than one rival was opposed to him. He had his full share of disaster; the operations which he conducted, if compared with great European wars, were on a very small scale; and he had the immense advantage of encountering in most cases generals of singular incapacity.

It may, however, be truly said of him that his military reputation steadily rose through many successive campaigns, and before the end of the struggle he had outlived all rivalry, and almost all envy. He had a thorough knowledge of the technical part of his profession, a good eye for military combinations, an extraordinary gift of military administration. Punctual, methodical, and exact in the highest degree, he excelled in managing those minute details which are so essential to the efficiency of an army, and he possessed to an eminent degree not only the common courage of a soldier, but also that much rarer form of courage which can endure long-continued suspense, bear the weight of great responsibility, and encounter the risks of misrepresentation and unpopularity. For several years, and usually in the neighborhood of superior forces, he commanded a perpetually fluctuating army, almost wholly destitute of discipline and respect for authority, torn by the most violent personal and provincial jealousies, wretchedly armed, wretchedly clothed, and sometimes in imminent danger of starvation.

In civil as in military life, he was preeminent among his contemporaries for the clearness and

WASHINGTON'S SERVICES

soundness of his judgment, for his perfect moderation and self-control, for the quiet dignity and the indomitable firmness with which he pursued every path which he had deliberately chosen. Of all the great men in history he was the most invariably judicious, and there is scarcely a rash word or action or judgment recorded of him. Those who knew him well, noticed that he had keen sensibilities and strong passions; but his power of self-command never failed him, and no act of his public life can be traced to personal caprice, ambition, or resentment. In the despondency of long-continued failure, in the elation of sudden success, at times when his soldiers were deserting by hundreds and when malignant plots were formed against his reputation, amid the constant quarrels, rivalries, and jealousies of his subordinates, in the dark hour of national ingratitude, and in the midst of the most universal and intoxicating flattery, he was always the same calm, wise, just, and single-minded man, pursuing the course which he believed to be right, without fear or favor or fanaticism; equally free from the passions that spring from interest, and from the passions that spring from imagination. He never acted on the impulse of an absorbing or uncalculating enthusiasm, and he valued very highly fortune, position, and reputation; but at the command of duty he was ready to risk and sacrifice them all. He was in the highest sense of the words a gentleman and a man of honor, and he carried into public life the severest standard of private morals.

THE COST OF THE WAR

(1775—1783)

BY RICHARD HILDRETH¹

The independence of the United States had not been achieved except at very heavy cost. Not to dwell on the manifold calamities of the war—towns burned, the country ravaged, the frontiers attacked by the Indians, property plundered by the enemy or imprest for the public service, citizens called out to serve in the militia or drafted into the regular army, nakedness, disease, and sometimes hunger in the camp, the miseries of the hospitals, the horrors of the British prison ships—worse than all, the remorseless fury and rancorous vindictiveness of civil hatred; besides all this, the mere pecuniary cost of the war had imposed a very heavy burden, amounting to not much less than a hundred and seventy millions of dollars—a greater outlay, in proportion to the wealth of the country, than ten times as much would be at the present moment. Of this sum two-thirds had been expended by Congress, and the balance by the individual States. It had been raised in four ways: by taxes under the disguise of a depreciating currency; by taxes directly imposed; by borrowing; and by running in debt.

Of the two hundred millions issued by Congress in Continental bills of credit, eighty-eight millions, received into the State treasuries in pay-

¹ From Hildreth's "History of the United States." Edition of 1852. Published by Harper & Brothers.

THE COST OF THE WAR

ment of taxes at the rate of forty for one, had been replaced by bills of the "new tenor," to the amount of four millions four hundred thousand dollars, bearing interest at six per cent. Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island had thus taken up and redeemed their entire quota of the old paper. Connecticut, Delaware, the Carolinas, and Georgia had taken up none; the remaining States but a part of their quota. Besides the bills thus redeemed, near forty millions were in the Federal treasury. As to the outstanding seventy millions, there was no thought of redeeming or funding them at any higher rate than seventy-five or a hundred for one. Many of these bills were in the State treasuries, into which they had come in payment of taxes; but a large amount remained also in the hands of individuals.

The depreciation and subsequent repudiation of this paper had imposed a tax upon the country to the amount of perhaps seventy millions of specie dollars—a tax very unequal and unfair in its distribution, falling heaviest on the ignorant and helpless; the source in private business of numberless frauds, sanctioned, in fact, by the laws of the States, which had continued to make the bills a legal tender after they had fallen to a tenth, a twentieth, and even a fortieth part of their nominal value. But in what other way could Congress have realized anything like the same sum of money? How else could the war have been carried on at all?

Besides the Continental paper issued by Congress, all the States had put out bills of their own. In some States, as Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, these bills had been called in and funded

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

at their nominal value. In others, especially at the South, they had been partially redeemed by the issue of land warrants. The remainder had shared the fate of the Continental money, being either suffered to fall dead in the hands of the holders, or being funded at an immense depreciation. No State had made such profuse issues as Virginia, and such of her bills as were not paid in for land warrants were finally funded at the rate of a thousand for one.

Besides the taxes thus indirectly imposed, very heavy direct taxes had been levied, especially toward the conclusion of the war. The amount raised by the States, whether through the medium of repudiated paper or taxes, it is impossible to ascertain with precision, but it probably did not exceed thirty millions of dollars. The remaining seventy millions of the expenses of the war still hung over the Confederacy in the shape of debt.

Congress had begun to borrow while the issue of paper was still going on; and after that issue stopt, to borrow and to run in debt became the chief Federal resources. A Federal debt had been thus contracted to the amount of some forty-four millions of dollars, of which about ten millions were due in Europe, principally to the French court. Franklin had signed contracts for the repayment of moneys advanced by France to the amount of thirty-four million livres, about seven million dollars. All the back interest was remitted; the reimbursement of the principal was to be made by instalments, to commence three years after peace. To this sum was to be added the small loan from Spain, the larger one from the French farmers-general, and so much of the Dutch

THE COST OF THE WAR

loan as Adams had succeeded in getting subscribed. It was the produce of the subscription to this loan, amounting to about \$700,000, which formed the resource of Morris for meeting the treasury notes in which the three months' pay had been advanced to the furloughed soldiers. That fund, however, was soon exhausted, and a considerable number of the bills drawn upon it were likely to come back protested; but, by paying an enormous premium, Adams succeeded in borrowing an additional amount of about \$800,000, out of which the bills of Morris were met. The loan in Holland, formerly yielded to the solicitations of Laurens, formed a part of the French debt. It had been lent, in fact, to France for the benefit of the United States. The Federal debt, besides this amount due abroad, included eleven millions and a half, specie value, borrowed on loan-office certificates at home; six millions due to the army for deficiencies and depreciation of pay; five millions due to the officers for the commutation of their half pay for life; and about twelve millions more on unliquidated accounts, including, also, arrears of interest on the loan-office debt, of which but little had been paid since 1781, at which period the French Government had refused to advance any more money for that purpose. These unliquidated accounts included, also, certificates for supplies imprest for the army, and a mass of unsettled claims in the old currency, in all the departments, civil and military, which the officers appointed for that purpose were busy in reducing to specie value. Besides this Federal debt, each State was burdened with a particular debt of its own; the whole together amounting to some twen-

GREAT EPOCHS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

ty-five or six millions of dollars, thus raising the total indebtedness of the country, State and Federal, to the beforementioned sum of seventy millions.

One large portion of the wealthy men of colonial times had been expatriated, and another part had been impoverished by the Revolution. In their place a new moneyed class had sprung up, especially in the Eastern States, men who had grown rich in the course of the war as sutlers, by privateering, by speculations in the fluctuating paper money, and by other operations not always of the most honorable kind. Large claims against their less fortunate neighbors had accumulated in the hands of these men, many of whom were disposed to press their legal rights to the utmost.

The fisheries, formerly a chief resource of New England, broken up by the war, had not yet been reestablished. The farmers no longer found that market for their produce which the French, American, and British armies had furnished. There was an abundance of discontented persons more or less connected with the late army, deprived by the peace of their accustomed means of support, and without opportunity to engage in productive industry. The community, from these various causes, was fast becoming divided into two embittered factions of creditors and debtors.

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